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THE CLOSE OF THE HOLIDAY.

BY G. WEATHERLY.

From meadows dappled o'er with daisies,
  Or sweet with scent of new-mown hay,
From woods amid whose tangled mazes
  The laughing sunbeams dart and play,
From rippling brooks and river reaches,
  From haunts of heather and of fern,
From giant cliffs and pebbly beaches,
  Glad-hearted wanderers return.

The summer holiday is over—
  The few short weeks, or days, or hours—
And homeward goes each happy rover
  Beside the sea, or 'mid the flowers.
Once more for all the path of duty;
  But hand and brain are now made strong,
And, steeped unconsciously in beauty,
  Each heart retains its summer song.

Thus richly dressed, have we no pity
  For those whose lives are sad with care—
Who herd in alleys in the city,
  And cry aloud for God's pure air?
Surely the summer days will darken,
  Earth will not be half so fair,
Unless with willing hearts we hearken,
  And of our pleasures yield a share.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE house in Curzon Street was small and dark and inconvenient; but then it was in a tolerably aristocratic quarter, which made up for its defects.

It was built in the old-fashioned way—a double drawing-room on the first floor, a poky back-parlor below.

This was given up to Lady Anne, who brightened it with flowers and china and lace.

Lady Brentwyche had fitted up a boudoir for herself on the second floor, and to this she led the way after the party had partaken of a hurried and informal dinner. But it was only Delgado who followed her; Anne retired to her room.

Lady Brentwyche threw herself into an easy-chair, and gazed anxiously into her companion's wonderfully handsome face. Apparently it revealed nothing that she wished to know, for in a moment her eyes dropped and a half sigh escaped her, which she checked by breaking into a laugh.

"We are both sulky," she said. "There is reason for my gloom, for I am a failure; but what is the matter with you?"

"The matter is that I am lamed for life!" returned the Peruvian fiercely.

"No, surely not?" she cried in consternation.

"I thought it was only a sprain—a slight hurt, which would soon pass away."

"You are mistaken. I have received a slight injury to the hip, which is incurable. I repeat I am lame for life."

The accent with which he uttered those few words made them remarkable, for they were spoken with an intensity as full of rage as the low growl of a tiger.

"I am very sorry to hear it," resumed Lady Brentwyche, "as I fear it will greatly injure your usefulness."

"Is that the only cause for sorrow in it?" he asked, his handsome face flushing angrily.

"I should think, considering I met with the accident while on your business, you might be a little sorry for me."

"I should be more sorry if you had not deceived me.

"Your telegram was utterly false. Valdivia's daughter is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

"What motive had you for telling me that she was a mere peasant-girl, better left in her native village?"

Delgado looked at her in amazement and saw that she was in angry earnest; at this he changed his own mood, growing grave and bitter.

"If we begin to suspect each other and quarrel," he said, "we had better part. I can write to the Committee and desire that another man should be sent in my place."

"You will do nothing of the kind," she answered hurriedly, rising from her chair, and coming over to him with outstretched hand.

"There—we are friends the moment you give me an explanation."

He took her hand and held it, as she bent over him in a caressing attitude, his handsome head bent back and nearly resting on her arm.

"You are unreasonable as ever, my beautiful Countess! It is surprising news to me to hear that our friend's daughter is lovely. I was hurt and tired and in a fury, so I contented myself with an old maid's description of her, instead of carrying out your commands to see her and judge for myself. Doubtless the old woman cheated me, and I was an idiot for believing her; but she looked so ridiculously honest that I really did put faith in her statement, and so sent it on to you.

"Being in pain, I wanted to save myself trouble.

"I was wrong; I ought to have killed myself in your service, though my death would not cost you a tear."

"How do you know what it would cost me?" she asked quickly, as she touched his forehead lightly with her lips. "I believe it would cost me my life. I am superstitious.

"I have had my horoscope cast twice, and each time I was told, Pietro, that you and I should die together."

"Is it possible you believe in such folly?" he said, drawing her within the circle of his arm.

"I did not think you capable of such weakness."

"Is it not a greater weakness to love than to be superstitious?" she answered, with her light laugh on her lips, but trouble and fear in her eyes.

"That question is an ill compliment to me," he said, in a vexed tone. "And I have but small faith in the love that will risk nothing."

"I consider I risk everything," she returned, "even my life for your sake."

He looked at her with a quick astonished glance; she had spoken in a tone so full of conviction of a deadly danger, and her whole aspect for just a second had been one of terror and anguish.

"What are you afraid of?" he said wonderingly. "You don't take me for a spy surely, and think I am going to sell you?"

"Pietro," she cried, in a voice of agony, "do not say such terrible things!"

She turned away that he might not see her face; it was deathly white.

His gaze followed her, and an ugly shadow fell over his beauty.

"When will you marry me?" he said abruptly.

"Marriage will put an end to these mutual suspicions and distrusts. We shall quarrel until we are man and wife—that is evident and certain. And one day our quarrel will be final."

"I cannot marry you," she answered in a voice that trembled.

"I lose my jointure on marriage, and you and I are not people to be happy as paupers."

"There is no necessity for pauperism. You will have twenty thousand a year when that sickly boy dies," he said, in an incisive tone.

"But the boy lives and grows stronger." And now her giddy laugh rang out again, as she turned from the window with recovered bloom on her fair face.

This laugh irritated Delgado.

He rose and walked up and down, till lameness and pain forced him to fling himself into his seat again.

As he did this, his lips were compressed and his eyes blazed with a vindictive hatred.

"You see what he has done! The accursed wheel struck me here on the hip.

"The blow was strong enough to fling me aside, otherwise he would have driven over me without compunction.

"Shall I be lamed for life, and have no compensation and no revenge? I intend that his brutal carelessness shall cost him twenty thousand a year.

"I shall carry out the orders given me a year ago. I am bound to obey them, and so are you."

Lady Brentwyche had seated herself by the fire; her face was shaded by her hand; she did not answer him for a full minute.

"It will be a difficult task in this country," she said at length, "and one that would lead to dangerous complications. You had better represent this to the Committee before you stir in the matter."

"I did that long ago, and was answered that I was to take the risk.

"The Committee need funds, and desire to strike a blow that will incite terror. This matter would do both, and give me revenge as well."

The hatred and rage that spoke in his voice showed the dangerous nature of the man; he looked like a roused snake as he raised his handsome bent head and his lips moved, displaying his white teeth in a glittering smile.

"How would it give the Committee funds?" asked Lady Brentwyche a little shortly.

"If you gained twenty thousand a year by the transaction, you would naturally make your subscription a generous one," he answered.

She was silent, but whether her silence was one of acquiescence or of fear he could not tell.

"I suppose you are aware that he is at his town-house with his child," she observed in a moment, "but you don't know that he has come to London in search of Valdivia's daughter.

"He is deeply in love with her; she is the girl you saw driving with him."

This news startled Delgado, and stung him with a new rage.

He was a man of sudden passions, the blood of the South was in him, and, though his mother's English veins had somewhat tempered it, yet the fire did but slumber and was apt at times to break out fiercely.

He admired Grace with the ardent admiration of a Southerner.

As he awoke to sense on the dusty road, and his eyes opened on the beautiful face, leaning over him in lovely pity, he felt a strange electric thrill of amazement as though he were gazing on an angel.

It was in the hope of seeing Grace again that he had hurried from Penaluna and followed her down the wild gorge of Malpas. Here incipient jealousy just stirring its evil fire in him prompted him to whisper the question which Grace had heard.

And now he knew that Lord Enderby loved her.

It needed but this to rouse the slumbering fire of his passion; he felt instantly a burning jealousy, joined with that rage of hatred which a vindictive man of great personal beauty and enormous vanity might easily feel towards a man who had injured him and married the perfection of his form.

Feeling is so much quicker than thought that, although his emotions of anger, jealousy, and love seemed to him to stifle his speech, to Lady Brentwyche his answer appeared to come with scarcely a pause.

"That is strange news. But of course he cannot marry Valdivia's daughter. Our society would not permit it."

"No, neither will I," returned Lady Brentwyche. "If he lives to marry at all, his wife must be my niece Anne."

"And why does he live?" asked Delgado fiercely.

"He was tried and condemned to death years ago."

"Do not speak so loud," said Lady Brentwyche, in her softest voice.

"Our conversation is a strange one for a London boudoir. There are people who would not believe in it, people who are still blind to the terrible power we possess—people who do not know that the man whom they shake hands with to-day may be compelled to stab them in the back to-morrow.

"Even among ourselves we are afraid to move; no one knows whose turn may come next."

She leant forward, resting her forehead on her hands, a perceptable shudder quivering through her frame; she did not see the shrug of Delgado's shoulders, or the look of contempt on his face.

"You are cowardly and faint-hearted," he said. "And you have not answered my question. Why is this man allowed to live?"

"Anne loves him; he has been spared at my request."

"Then you must withdraw it," returned Delgado savagely.

"This limp of mine is a new condemnation for him."

"For pity's sake do not be so vindictive!" exclaimed Lady Brentwyche hurriedly. "His death would kill Anne. The Committee owes me much; they must continue to spare him.

"There's the child. I will not say a word against any plan of yours regarding him—that is, any plan not touching his life. It would be too fiendish to kill an infant."

"Not being a little Jew, I think his life is safe," said Delgado, laughing. "For the sake of his affectionate grandmother, I promise you he shall be well cared for."

"Then tell me nothing more," said Lady Brentwyche, in a quick voice. "And now I must ask you to do me a kindness. You must find this girl Grace Lanyon."

A flash came into Delgado's eyes.

"Is she lost?" he said carelessly.

With a few rapid questions and answers, the history of Grace's departure and Lady Brentwyche's surmise as to her arrival at Waterloo Station was given him.

And her plan for making Gregory Blake her guardian was also detailed, though she held back the fact that she had forced him to disregard a portion of his ill-gotten gains.

"And when she is found is she to be handed over to the farmer?" asked Delgado hiding a smile with his shapely hand.

"No. I should scarcely keep her out of Lord Enderby's way by that plan."

"Then what do you intend to do with her?" he said, laughing out now.

"I intend to make her the first singer in Europe."

"You have counted without Pietro Delgado, my lady," he said to himself as he took his leave, bending over her hand and raising it to his lips.

* * * * * *

There were no tidings to be heard of Grace at or near any of the South-Western stations.

At the Waterloo terminus and all down the line for thirty miles Delgado prosecuted his inquiries vainly.

The news of his failure was sent day by day to Lady Brentwyche, who had meanwhile to endure the angry suspicions of Lord Enderby and the sulky expostulations of Gregory Blake, who now that he was released from the fear of her presence, showed a strong disinclination to keep his word and

wrote her ill-spelt letters, avowing his determination not to submit to robbery.

She only smiled at these: she had the man in her clutch, and did not intend to spare his cash.

In her scheme for Grace's future money would be needed, and she could not afford to spend her own.

Therefore, in the "agony" columns of the daily papers, there constantly appeared advertisements purporting to come from Gregory, appealing to his cousin to send her address and hear something to her advantage.

Lord Enderby saw them, and inquired of the man what they meant.

He received an answer from a respectable firm of solicitors that Mr. Blake was anxious to do justice to Miss Lanyon, as on consideration he felt her grandmother's disposition of her property was an unfair one.

This seemed so plausible, so above-board and candid, that Lord Enderby never suspected Lady Brentwyche's hand was in it.

He even hoped that Grace would answer these advertisements, and he inquired often and anxiously of the solicitors referred to in them whether she had done so. The reply was always in the negative.

A month passed on in this bleak silence, and every effort of his to find his lost love had failed.

He had grown in this weary time feverish, restless, impatient, ready to catch at the faintest hope, eager to start on any journey that seemed to lead to the thinnest clue.

Grace's letter was his only solace, and sometimes, in his many readings of its cherished words, he would resolve to wait and hope, and trust in her firm love, believing that in good time she would herself send him tidings.

It was the dismalest month of the year in London.

The days were nearly at their shortest, they rose in fog and set in gloom, and night fell often in snow and slush, or chill rain, that pierced the bones of the miserable and the hungry, as they wended their forlorn way through the fog-laden streets.

One evening about five o'clock, when the lamps struggled vainly to fling a glimmering light into the fog-laden yellow atmosphere, Lord Enderby was driving a restive horse through one of those long uninteresting roads that run eastwards on the Kentish side of London.

As usual, he had come here on his hopeless quest, calling at all places where he saw apartments to let, inquiring everywhere for Grace.

And now he was driving homewards, dispirited and disappointed.

The fog was so dense that he was compelled to drive slowly, fretting the horse who was eager to reach his stable.

At length there came a block which stopped him altogether.

Dimly visible was a huge furniture-van, then a dray and other vehicles jammed close together, beyond them only thick darkness through which it was impossible to see the cause of obstruction.

The horse reared and plunged; the groom jumped from the carriage and seized him by the head.

But Lord Enderby called to him to let go and run on through the block to discover, if possible a way of passing.

It seemed an age before the man returned, breathless.

"There's a great crowd beyond the block, my lord.

"A poor woman, a street-singer, has been run over.

"We shall not be able to pass till the police have taken her to the hospital; the mob will disperse then."

"We must turn back and find a side-street," said Lord Enderby; "the horse won't stand."

As he spoke a voice rose in the air—clear, powerful, pure—filled with the very glory of music, the rapture of an angel's song.

Lord Enderby's face paled; his blood rushed to his heart in an anguish of fear and hope.

"Who is singing?" he cried in a sharp voice of eagerness.

"Seemingly some lady, my lord," said the astonished groom.

"I saw one leaning over the poor woman helping her."

"We must get through the block," returned his master, in a tone that made the man gaze at him in wonder. "Stand out of the way!" cried Lord Enderby. "I must pass here."

He was answered by an oath and a command for silence.

"The young lady is singing for the poor woman, to get her a little money, and I'm dashed if any one shall go on till she's done!" said a burly man near him.

Lord Enderby's intense anxiety to listen to the wonderful voice ringing clearly above the heads of the crowd made him yield, and kept him still.

Was it Grace's voice, or could it be possible that any other voice but hers could move him thus, could sing thus in simple-heartedness for dear charity?

He listened, dazed, bewildered, uncertain; and then, as doubt gave way to hope, he started up to spring from the carriage and make his way through all obstructions on foot.

But at that moment the wheeled block melted, vehicles moved slowly on; there was a sudden stillness; the glorious voice to which with strained ears a charmed crowd had listened ceased to ring into the air, and for one breathless second a silence that could be felt touched the soul and held men bound as with a strong chain.

In the anguish and fever of his haste to reach the crowd beyond him, which he thought hid Grace, Lord Enderby now grasped the reign and struck his horse with the whip.

It sprang forwards, reared nearly upright and then dashed onwards at a mad gallop. For an instant the right wheel of the carriage nearly locked with another wheel; but the horse tore by, freeing it with a wrench that only made him fly on the faster.

Right and left the crowd scattered, some with oaths, some with shrieks while drivers and vehicles hurried out of the frantic animals way, leaving him a clear path up the long road.

For a few minutes the danger of his mad pace was so imminent that Lord Enderby had to give his whole mind to the task restraining him.

When by sheer strength of hand and nerve he had succeeded, and the trembling animal stood still, a foggy stretch of two miles of road lay between him and the spot whence he had started.

In an instant he had turned the horse's head and was galloping back furiously on the way he came.

But, when he reached the spot where the crowd had stood entranced, only fog and emptiness met his fevered gaze.

All signs of excitement were gone.

Heavy wagons were crawling by, and light carts going more swiftly passed on their way, giving the road its usual suburban ugly aspect.

On the pavement a few shabby weary pedestrians struggled through slush and fog, as ignorant of each other's cares as they were of the heart-sickness of the man whose weary gaze fell on their unregarding faces.

All the anxious questioning, all the hurrying to and fro from little shop to shop on either side of the road, whose proprietors had heard that voice, did but elicit the fact that a ballad-singer, a woman, ragged and mud-stained, had fallen on the road, and that a young lady had taken up her unfinished song for dear pity's sake, and sung it in such a way that she had wrung tears from hard eyes and money from uncharitable pockets.

She had given this money to the poor woman, and then, unknown and unnoticed, she had passed on her way.

"Was she alone?"

"No, a woman was with her whose arm she held when they parted."

It was terrible to Lord Enderby to hear no more than this, and yet believe that the pitying stranger was Grace.

All his thoughts were self-reproachful, remorseful, bitter, as with a chilled heart he drove homeward through pelting sleet and yellow fog.

He could as yet take no comfort from the reflection that at least he could now feel almost sure that Grace was in London, and her dwelling must be within a walk of that dreary suburban road.

At home old Prue met him with an anxious face.

"That new nurse is not back yet from the park," she said; "and there's such a ghastly fog out that I am afraid she has lost her way. I have sent two servants to look for her."

"You have done right. Where does she usually walk? I'll drive to the park myself," he answered, in a quick voice which hid a sudden sharp misgiving.

Prue gave the desired information, and then with clasped hands she cried suddenly—

"Oh, my lord, give the poor child a mother! I do what I can, but he needs a mother's care.

"He has missed Grace terribly," said Lord Enderby, turned away from old Prue's gaze.

"Yes," she answered slowly. "But, my lord, if you would only look at Lady Anne—his mother's friend—if you would only see how good, how kind, how tender and true she is! And the boy would be safe with her; there would be an end of these fears and terrors then."

"I think not," said Lord Enderby, as if to himself.

"Subterranean fires last long; we are undermined, the earth shakes beneath our feet.

"You are an old friend, Prue, but you must not dictate to me, you must not speak of Lady Anne in this way; it is not fair to her."

He rang the bell, and ordered a carriage and fresh horse to come round to the door instantly; but, before it was announced, the blow fell which he had feared so long.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN the park that afternoon the fog clung heavily to the wintry trees, and rested densely on the damp grass.

Round about on every side it stood, a thick wall of mist, hiding tree from tree and post from post.

People walking in it saw each other's faces for a moment as they passed; then, as they flitted onwards, they disappeared like phantoms.

The few equestrians who rode gloomily up and down the Row emerged from the fog to each other's view and vanished in it in the same weird way.

Everything wore an unreal aspect; houses loomed out of the darkness supernaturally tall, coming vehicles had an undefined and ugly shape, trees were changed fantastically to men, and men to trees.

Even voices partook of this odd unreality; they seemed to hover in the air, belonging to no one.

It was not a day on which a delicate child should have been taken out; but the fog had arisen swiftly, it had swept up the river with the tide, and rushed upon the city on every side with sudden swoop.

The sun was shining fairly enough when Prue had allowed little Alan and his new nurse to depart for a stroll in the park.

The child pined indoors, and took small pleasure in the straitened garden of his father's big town-house.

He missed the Cornish sea, the bright pure Cornish air, and all the freedom and joy of his life at Caermorran, and above all he missed the tender gentle hand, the sweet voice and loving words that had soothed many a restless hour.

Now, when he was feverish and fretful, an irritable voice bade him be still, and a rough hand thrust him away.

He had thoughts of Grace which he kept shrined in his young heart, and childish prayers for her were whispered to his pillow and tears fell often, wiped away furtively by a tiny hand.

The nurse had picked up a new lover—a man so handsome and so gentlemanly that his attentions fluttered and flattered her immensely.

Impossible dreams of becoming a grand lady began to take quite probable shapes, and passing carriages were looked at with a view to choosing the sort of style she would prefer when certain events happened.

On this particular afternoon she had to wait some time at the appointed place of meeting, and the fog had already gathered round herself and her charge, before a voice she knew came out of the mist and seemed to hover above her, saying in caressing accents—

"Have I kept you waiting very long, *ma belle*?"

Then a gentleman, with a face as beautiful as a Greek god's, became visible, leaning lightly on a stick, as though the slight limp in his gait were only a pastime—an affectation that gave him an added grace.

"Long!" returned the lovely Mary Ann. "I thought you were never coming."

"I have brought you a peace-offering," said the gentleman, displaying a gaudy brooch, as he seated himself beside her.

Then, as the girl admired it simperingly, with sidelong looks at her splendid lover, he whispered to her to tell the child to play a little farther off.

She obeyed instantly, but added, in a peremptory voice—

"Don't go too far away, Lord Fitzurse, and mind you come back directly I call you."

The child went, and the fog took him in its phantom arms, and hid him from her sight.

Ten minutes passed unheeded—as minutes do pass when a foolish woman is listening to a wicked man; then she roused herself, a little frightened and called loudly to the boy to come back.

There was no answer.

"Don't be alarmed," said the caressing, insinuating voice by her side.

"He has strolled only a little too far; we will go and find him."

"He went this way!" cried the girl, making a rush in the right direction.

"Quite the contrary," said Delgado, pulling her back. "I saw him go down here."

He succeeded in turning her to the opposite path, and for ten minutes she ran to and fro frantically, calling on the child's name in tones of terror.

"It will be safer for you if I leave you," observed Delgado.

"And, if you are wise, you will never say a word about me; it won't look well to confess you neglected your charge for a lover."

The woman wrung her hands and stared at him, and, as she gazed, he slipped from her sight and vanished within the fog as completely as though a thick wall had shut him in.

For half an hour longer she ran to and fro bewildered, growing crazy with terror, asking wild questions of every passer-by, till, seized by a constable, she was taken home, exhausted and hysterical, to tell her dreadful story.

The hall was filled with a crowd of listeners as she flung herself down wildly, shrieking out half-truths with cries and sobs.

"Oh, the dear child—the dear child! I only sat down for a moment to rest, and when I turned round he was gone! The fog had swallowed him up!"

Lord Enderby, hearing the strange commotion, had opened the library door, and now stood in the entry, with face pale and set, looking at the weeping woman, and the servants crowding around her. He did not ask a question.

He saw the woman was alone; he guessed the truth.

In a moment the constable caught sight of him, and saw the beckoning of his uplifted hand.

He followed him into the library and closed the door.

"The child may only have lost his way in the fog, my lord," said the man consolingly. "If so, being intelligent, he'll tell who he is, and he'll soon be brought back. And, if it's not that, and it's a dodge to get money, your lordship may make sure of finding him as soon as a large reward is offered."

"It's neither of those," said Lord Enderby slowly.

"It is a far deadlier thing—a thing running beneath the earth, that will soon upheave the world."

The constable looked at him as if he thought his senses were a little shaken with trouble, saying sympathetically—

"You had better come down to our station, my lord, and see the superintendent, and we'll work the thing out properly. If the girl has a lover, it will be easily made out. We'll set a detective on her."

This was done, but done vainly, for, though the girl went again and again to the old trysting-place, the observant detective never had the satisfaction of seeing her meet her lover.

The shadow of her splendid admirer fell no more across the pathway of her foolish life.

After making sundry arrangements with the constable, Lord Enderby got into the waiting carriage and drove to Lady Brentwyche's.

But Anne only was at home.

"Auntie rushed over to Paris three days ago," she said, "and will not return till to-night.

"But what is the matter? You look frightfully pale."

He told her in a few quiet words, which hid his anguish just as a huge wave of water smoothly hides its strength.

Anne heard the story as a tender-hearted woman would hear it, with blanching face and eyes growing full of pain, and tears bursting forth in love and pity.

Lord Enderby valued her sympathy as much as he respected her truth; her tears, her words, her kindness comforted him. He looked into her young candid face and resolved to tell her of his belief that he had encountered Grace. He related the story quickly.

"Anne," he said, "you must find her for me.

"My first duty now is to seek for my child; my search for Grace must give way to that.

"Take some honest respectable woman with you as a protector—no, take Prue—you can trust her—and go daily to that neighborhood where I surely heard her voice. One thing more: promise me that search, your failure, shall remain a secret from our aunt.

"I give you my word," said Anne.

Her lips were very pale as she spoke, but her voice was firm and true.

"Anne, you are my dearest friend."

He clasped her hand and left her.

An hour after this Lady Brentwyche arrived from Paris. She heard the news of little Alan's loss with a burst of hysterical weeping.

"But it is better so—better so," she cried, clinging to her niece, "than that Enderby himself should die!"

Lady Anne thought her senses were wandering with dismay.

That night, in spite of her seeming grief, Lady Brentwyche went to a small dinner-party.

In the drawing-room a pale gentlemanly man with orders on his breast sat by her side a few minutes.

"Thanks for the information you sent," he said in Russian.

"It was correct enough, but unfortunately it arrived five minutes too late. How was that?"

"I was in Paris, and I trusted the post," she answered, looking into his face with grave eyes. "I knew the cipher was safe, and I did not anticipate the thing being done so soon."

"It is a pity," returned the gentleman, with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "We shall rely upon you now to recover the child."

She grew very pale, but bowed and smiled in return for his parting bow.

"You may always rely on me," she said, quickly.

"We do," he answered; and, turning to another guest, he began a lively chat in French.

Much later that night Lord Enderby had an interview with the same gentleman.

"We had secret information of the plot," he said, "but it came a little too late to save the child. It is the same secret society that has condemned you to death," he added coolly.

"The same!" said Lord Enderby.

"But they won't kill the child."

"No, they will demand money."

"Shall you pay it?" asked the cool gentleman.

"Yes—any sum to save my child."

"Ah, well you may rely on us! We shall do our best. Good night."

The next day London was surprised with the news that the Earl of Enderby had lost his young son and heir.

Excitement, sympathy, and sorrow were general, but journals and people treated it as an ordinary case of abduction, the attempt of low ruffians to get blood-money. Meanwhile the police were baffled and all their machinery was worked in vain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Grace wrote to Lord Enderby at the little station near Caermorran, a sudden change of purpose had just unsettled her resolves.

This change was brought about through a careless word from the servant whom Lady Brentwyche had sent with her.

"Is there any post-office here, miss?" he presented himself at the carriage window. "I've got a telegram to send off for my lady to Mr. Delgado."

Grace directed him to the office, which was close to the station, and the carriage was driven there at once.

The telegram-clerk was a young woman; and, puzzled by Delgado's name, she came to Grace and handed her Lady Brentwyche's message.

"Will you kindly read this for me miss? The man-servant can't explain the address."

Grace read it out to her, spelling Delgado's name as a help.

On receiving back the paper, the clerk read the whole message aloud, saying in the same breath—

"Is that right, miss?"

"I think so," Grace answered, as she leant back in the carriage, very pale.

This was Lady Brentwyche's message—

"I have secured the bird. Meet the six

o'clock train at Paddington, by which she will arrive, and conduct her to a safe cage at your mother's."

There was something in these words which gave a shock of suspicion and anger to Grace's mind.

The recollection of Delgado's face as she bent over it in the road, and the memory of his look as he thanked her, were both repelling.

The insolent admiration in his eyes, the insolent smile on his lips, were things new to her innocent experience; they had made her shudder, she knew not why.

No, she would not go to that man's house, and she would not trust Lady Brentwyche, although her father had laid his commands upon her to do so.

He would not be angry at her disobedience when he knew the cause; her hatred and fear of Delgado were instincts of warning which all her nature called on her to obey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mate's Reward.

BY P. C. B.

THE crimson light of the rising sun fell upon the face of Mary Burlville, the captain's pretty daughter, as she came up from the cabin of the merchant ship *Cameron*, becalmed off the coast of Peru.

The girl had just completed her morning toilet, and there was one youthful sailor aboard who fancied he had never seen a lovelier object than this young woman of seventeen.

The sailor alluded to was Thomas Rollins, a fine-looking intelligent seaman of twenty, who now stood at the wheel.

For an instant Mary had glanced toward him, and blushed as she bade him good-morning, then she walked to the rail and fixed her gaze upon an old whaleship which was in plain sight, not a league off the quarter.

Rollins had politely responded to her salutation, then a sad look had fallen on his manly face.

In brief, the young fellow loved the captain's daughter, but he could have entertained no hope of ever making her his wife, even had he known that his affection was returned.

The girl and he were born in the same village, where, for awhile, they had been playmates in childhood.

Then they were separated by the captain's moving to a distant seaport town.

A few years later the failure of his father in business had induced the boy to undertake a sea voyage.

He continued to pursue the calling of a sailor, and finally meeting Captain Burlville, he had shipped aboard his vessel.

Burlville, however, had at once discouraged any renewal of the old friendship between his daughter and Rollins.

"I have nothing against you, of course," he said to the latter, "but as you and she are now man and woman, it is better that you should keep apart, as you would never be more to each other than mere acquaintances."

When he also gave his instructions to Mary on the same subject she pouted and wept, for she had always liked Rollins as a little boy, and she had not failed to notice that he was grown to be a sturdy, handsome young fellow, with frank, pleasant manners that pleased her.

"I think you very unreasonable papa," she sobbed.

"It is because he is a foremost hand that you object to him.

"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," he said.

"I would not have you to fall in love and marry any one less than a mate, or a captain, who would be able to provide for you better than a poor foremost hand."

"Why not make Rollins a mate, then?" said Mary, looking up shyly through her tears.

"Well, well, he may become an officer in time, but he has his way to work up.

"True, he is very clever as it is, and as he has a knowledge of navigation, he would, perhaps, make a good mate."

"Why don't you promote him, if that is the case?"

"In the first place because there is no vacancy here.

"Then, again, I don't believe in lifting a young fellow up to a position all at once.

"Let him gradually work his way to it as I have done.

"The best I can do is to recommend him to some ship-owner."

"But you own this ship.

"You could make him a mate of yours," she said.

She coaxed him and pleaded with him so earnestly, that at last he said he would think about it.

If Rollins should prove himself more prompt and true in performing his duties than the other sailors, he, the captain, might take him for his mate in the course of time.

Now, as the girl looked over the rail, on this bright morning, she thought of her father's promise.

It was a pleasant thought in her, and her blooming cheeks were dimpled with smiles, while her dark eyes shone like stars.

All at once, between the craft aboard of which she stood and the whaler, she noticed a number of forked jets or spouts shooting up from the sea.

"There she blows!" cried her father, who had just emerged from the cabin.

"The whaler will soon have her boats down.

"Upon my word I should like to go near those oil-hunters and see the sport."

Even as he spoke four boats were dropped alongside the stranger, and they were soon heading towards the spouts.

"I must see the fun," said the skipper, "and I shall.

"Lower the Dingey," he said.

"I want three good men to go with me."

He selected the three who were to go, among them Rollins who had just been relieved at the wheel.

The boat was soon lowered, with the skipper at the tiller, and the oarsmen in their places.

"Give way!" cried the captain.

The boat made good progress toward the whales, which were now heading seawards.

The sailors from the other ship were pulling with might and main after the huge fish, whose dark humps were occasionally lifted above the surface, as they moved along on their way.

At last one of the sharp pointed boats of the whaler was within darting distance of a great monster which had lagged a little behind the rest of the school.

A tall dark man, in a guernsey and blue trousers, rose in the bow of his boat, harpoon in hand.

For an instant the weapon was poised, to be hurled the next instant with unerring aim.

It was buried to the socket in the whale, whose flukes were seen whisking to and fro through the white sheets of spray that hid the boat.

"They are fast," remarked Captain Burlville, who with his men—the latter now resting on their oars, about sixty fathoms from their ship—was an interested spectator of the scene.

From her father's craft Mary had also seen the man strike the whale.

"Poor fish," she said with a shudder, as she placed both little hands over her eyes.

All at once she heard wild shouts.

Looking in the direction of the noise, she perceived that the fast boat, dragged by the whale, which had sounded (going down), was leading straight toward the Dingey in which were her parent and the three oarsmen.

The whaleboat, its crew cheering and yelling like madmen, seemed to cleave the water with the swiftness of an arrow, and it was soon not more than forty fathoms from the skipper and his companions.

"Oh papa, you will be run into!" screamed Mary in alarm.

The captain looked toward her, smiled, shook his head, and in a minute he had the Dingey pulled out of the track of the coming boat.

Scarcely was this done, however, when there was a cry of terror from the young girl, who now beheld the water parted by the huge body of the whale as the monster shot up, with the iron protruding from its humps, and the line attached to the weapon whisking in many bights and coils around it.

The creature was close to the Dingey, beating the sea with his flukes and churning the foam with his jaw.

"Pull ahead!" shouted Burlville, aware of his danger.

He directed the small craft away from the whale, his three oarsmen pulling vigorously.

But before he was six fathoms from the animal the latter suddenly made straight for the little boat, his jaws wide open, his sharp saw-like fangs viciously revealed.

"Take care there!" came warningly from the whalemen, still more than a hundred yards distant.

Burlville did his best to escape the infuriated pursuer, but the leviathan gained rapidly upon him, and now, to avoid the great jaw, which was about to close upon the fragile stern of the little vessel, he sheered to one side.

In an instant the enormous flukes, almost alongside of which the movement of the skipper had brought him, were raised high in air and whirled directly over the Dingey, upon which it appeared they were about to descend with a force which would have crushed the light planks to fragments.

Seeing these fearful weapons of the mighty fish fanning the air above their heads, two of the oarsmen at once sprang into the sea, leaving Rollins and the captain still in the boat.

"My father—oh, poor papa!" cried Mary, who now, very pale, leaned far over the rail of the ship, her gaze riveted upon her parent.

The latter was in a peculiarly perilous situation.

A bight of the line, whisking from the whale, had caught about his waist, and, having no knife with him, he was unable to clear himself from the rope, which had tightened about his body, holding him down between two thwarts, as the flukes with a crash struck the sea, just missing the Dingey.

Rollins, who had been inclined to follow the example of his two shipmates when they jumped overboard, had controlled himself, when he perceived the situation of his captain.

With a quick motion of his oar he had caused the boat to shoot ahead, thus barely getting it out of reach of those ponderous flukes as they descended.

Now he quickly drew the sheath-knife he wore in his belt, and, springing to the skipper's side, he with one blow severed the line that had caught about the waist of the imperilled man, and which by this time pulled him half way over the gunnel.

There was a roaring gurgling sound, a hissing mass of foam and spray, then a crunching snapping noise, as the boat was crushed in the jaw of the whale.

Rollins and the captain had rolled over into the sea on that side of the Dingey opposite to the deadly fangs.

For several moments they were hidden in the sheets of flying spray from the gaze of Mary Burlville, who had witnessed with joy and pride the gallant conduct of the young man whom she already secretly loved.

Again she feared that after all they might might be lost—be killed by the monster whose flukes were still beating the ocean.

Soon these fears were set at rest.

The great fish went down under the foaming waters, and there were her father and Rollins, now striking out for the whaler's boat, which was close at hand.

The swimmers were picked up a minute later, to find the two who had previously jumped from the Dingey already taken in.

Burlville did not reprimand them, for he knew that had he not been caught by the line, which at that time held him fast to the boat, he too would have sprung overboard.

He was of course very earnest in his praise of Rollins for rescuing him from a terrible fate.

So grateful was the skipper that when he arrived aboard and had embraced his daughter, he told his preserver that he in future take up his quarters in the cabin, where he would employ him as his clerk, and that Mary and he might hereafter be as friendly with each other as they pleased.

When at last the ship arrived home, the captain said to his daughter:

"I promised you I would promote Rollins.

"Well, I suppose you would like to have me make him my first mate?"

"Yes, papa," said Mary blushing, as she laid her soft cheek against his arm, "and—and—as he has proposed it, I would like to have him for my mate too."

As the captain had lately concluded not to object to any such proposition, he readily gave his consent.

"PEARLS OF THOUGHT."—A German author has made a collection of mixed metaphors, which he calls pearls of thought. Some of them are worth quoting if only as a warning to high-flown orators not to allow their magniloquence to fly away with them altogether. "We will," cried an inspired orator, "burn all our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!" Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of an Austrian Justice who, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the Revolution is rolling along and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." A German Mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany, such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye." We have heard of the mouth's eye. But there are even literary men who cannot open their mouth's "without putting their foot in it." A professor is an example of such. In a criticism on some lyrics he writes: "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks." Songs and beaks are certainly related to one another, but were never seen in that incongruous connection before. A preacher, speaking of a repentant girl, said: "She knelt in the temple of her interior and prayed fervently," a feat no India-rubber doll could imitate. The German parliamentary orator of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture; but two must suffice. Count Frankenburg is the author of them. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of Time by the forelock"; and in the last session he told the Minister of War that if he really thought the French were seriously attached to peace he had better resign office and "return to his paternal oxen."

HOLLY-BUSSING.—One of the most curious of all the old English Easter customs is that popularly known as Holly-bussing, and which is actually still kept up, we understand, in some of the northern towns and villages. This nice pastime consisted in the wives beating their husbands one day, and the husbands beating their wives on the next. This precious ceremony used to be carried out by the villagers, who, accompanied by the parish clerk playing a fiddle, proceeded to a neighboring wood to gather holly with which they decorated a stone cross or other public monument in the village, and spent the evening in dancing.

THE DEWS OF HEAVEN.—Savary, the traveller tells us that Egypt would not be inhabitable, did not the nocturnal dews restore life to vegetables. These dews are so copious, especially in summer, that the earth is deeply soaked with them; so that, in the morning, one would imagine that rain had fallen during the night. The Israelites inhabited a climate similar to that of Egypt; and hence the Lord promises them the dew of heaven as a signal favor.

A FRENCH photographer boasts of having been able to catch the impression of a flying bird. There is nothing at all wonderful about that. A Camden man, who has no scientific attainments whatever, without any effort on his part, caught the impression of a flying bat. It was a very clear impression. The flying bat was a brick-bat. He was offering a resolution at a ward meeting when the accident occurred.

Bric-a-Brac.

MECHANICS VS. POETRY.—It has been illnaturedly said that the inventor of the wheelbarrow has done more service to mankind than the writer of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

AT TABLE.—During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was the custom at a festival, to seat two of different sexes together, and only allow one dish between them. In families, one goblet sufficed for all.

OYSTERS.—The liquor of oysters contains innumerable embryos, with transparent shells—one hundred and twenty to the inch; and also other animalcule, as three kinds of worms, etc. The sea-star, men, cockles, and muscles are their enemies.

VANILLA.—This is the fruit of the vanilla plant, indigenous to Mexico, Brazil, Peru, etc., and cultivated in the West Indies. Gathered before ripe, dried in the shade, and steeped in the oil of the Cashew nut. This spice is the most aromatic of all spices, and of exquisite flavor as an essence.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.—A term applied to household goods and chattels generally, and to all things intimately associated with home. Its origin in the ancient Romans worshiping certain small images, called Lares and Penates, which were set up in their houses, and were regarded as the protectors and guardians of the household.

BEGGING THE QUESTION.—This in argument means assuming a point as proved, and reasoning upon it as such, which has, in fact, not been proved. This term frequently occurs in logic and mathematics; it was originally called the petition of the principle, and an old author says, "Begging of the question is when nothing is brought to proof but the question, or that which is as doubtful."

SALT.—The discovery of this useful substance dates from the remotest ages, and continual mention is made of it in the Scriptures. Salt was imported into England by the Phœnicians, prior to the arrival of the Romans, who instructed the Britons in the method of manufacturing or procuring it. Some salt springs were noticed in the year 816; the salt mines of Staffordshire were discovered in 670.

BEAUTY AND THE NOBILITY.—I am told says a London writer, that high-born English ladies rather vaunt themselves upon an absence of beauty, explaining that "shop-girls and bar-maids are pretty." And this queer and aristocratic conceit seems fully gratified, for beautiful women, as far as my observation goes, are rare in English polite life; they are not to be found in Hyde Park in carriages, in Rotten Row on horseback, or at the Countess Granville's, where probably 1,000 or 2,000 of the aristocracy, nobility and royalty were gathered together in full dress and their best manner.

THE MUSIC BIRD.—The Chinese hold that much of their music was brought to them from heaven by a bird which they named the 'Foang-Hoang.' This was supposed to be a very fortunate bird, which never appeared anywhere else but in China, and, whenever it came, it brought good luck with it. It appeared whenever a good emperor was born, and its nest was wrapped in mystery, for no one knew where it dwelt. There is a resemblance in this to the Greek Phœnix, perhaps the Greeks borrowed their bird from the Chinese one. This bird appeared with its mate, when Ling Lun, by the order of the Emperor Hoang-Ti, was making his first inventions in music. It sang to him in six tones, while its mate also used six different ones, making a scale containing twelve notes, just like our chromatic scale. But the Chinese only use five of these, and call the others 'female tones.' In China, everything female is thought to be useless.

THE TREE DEITIES.—The old Greeks and Romans prevented the destruction of trees by putting every species of them under the protection of a special deity. Our forefathers, especially the old Germans, honored their gods in forests, principally in Oak and Linden groves. Every land-owner should, if possible, plant trees, fruit trees as well as forest trees. Trees surrounding houses situated on high ground protect them from wind. Houses sheltered by high trees remain unhurt during storms, while others otherwise situated, are often damaged. It would be wise to plant, if possible, a tree at every feast given, as a life monument of the occasion. The great sovereign, Frederick William, commanded that every farmer should lay out a garden on the premises of his farm, and that no farmer's son should get married before he had grafted six young fruit trees and planted six Oak trees.

STRANGE BUT COMMON FACTS.—That an occasional meal away from one's house, and at another's table often, relishes better than any at home. That people should ask to be delivered from "sudden death" and never pray to be spared a lingering, die-by-inches exit. That when men cease to believe in the Divine, or think they do, they begin to bow down before something human—or inhuman. That a man will travel miles, agonizing at every step from a bit of gravel or an obtrusive peg in his shoe before he will stop and take it out. That a man never knows what a weak, fickle and uncertain master he has in himself until he has liberty to govern his own life and do what he pleases. That when a poet or philosopher dies a dozen men and women kite-tail themselves into fame by telling all they know about him. That so many people forget the weather they experienced last year, and declare they "never saw such a summer as this before."

WEDDED.

BY M. E. W.

Now that I hold thee with a husband's right,
Turn thy dear head, sweet wife, and let it rest
Within my encircling arms, which thus enfold
Of earth the purest, of thy sex the best.

Let thy smile-winning lips all tremulous,
Press soft on mine a soul-enthralling kiss,
An earnest of the happy years to us,
Of unalloyed, yea, perfect wedded bliss.

So let the sunlight of thy presence shine
Athwart the future vision of my life,
Thy gentler spirit radiate through mine,
And make me worthier of thy love, sweet wife.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE party at Dene Abbey broke up.

Sir Basil went home to Glen, where he resolved to devote himself to work, in order to drive far from him all memories of the night that stood out, a clear and distinct picture, from the remainder of his life.

The other guests departed to different parts of the kingdom.

The Duke and Duchess went on the Continent; Sir Arthur Hatton and his beautiful niece returned to Brentwood.

The Duchess, who had a warm and sincere affection for Leah, was troubled about her.

She could not help suspecting that something was wrong between the lovers, for she had seen Sir Basil, on the evening before he left, with such a strange expression on his face.

But then Leah seemed happy.

The Duchess, than whom no more kindly woman ever lived, decided that, if she were in the General's place, she should hurry on the marriage.

She had an uncomfortable feeling that something unpleasant would happen if this were not done.

As for Leah, her fears and forebodings had vanished.

Basil, of his own free will, had returned to Glen in order to hasten the preparations for their marriage.

That being the case, she could hardly charge him with want of love; she had made herself unhappy with fancies.

When the Duchess of Rosedene had said good-bye to her, she had added, "I shall be back for your marriage, Leah, in the spring; not all the lions in Europe would keep me from that."

Leah's lovely face had brightened at the words.

The time was drawing near now in which she would be united forevermore to the one man whom she loved so passionately.

A few more weeks of the changing autumn, and then there would be no more parting, no more sorrow.

They would be together until Death divided them.

During these days the memory of her sister grew less clear and distinct to Leah; the past was like a dream to her—she lived entirely in the present; father, sister, the many places she had called home, the troubles and humiliations of her early life, had faded away.

Leah Ray, who was to have been a "female lecturer," a "prophetess among the people," and Leah Hatton, the famous beauty, were two very different people.

The General had told her to spare no expense.

She was to have a trousseau fit for a queen.

The fortune that Sir Arthur had given to her was to be made her own by marriage deeds and settlements.

From all these splendors Leah would steal away to look at what was most precious to her—the golden wedding-ring lying in the little morocco case, the ring that had been taken from so many dead fingers, that had held so many living hopes, and that she was to wear for the rest of her life.

She cared more for that solitary treasure than for all else that belonged to her.

As they journeyed from Dene to Brentwood, Sir Arthur saw more clearly than ever how entirely his niece's heart was given to Sir Basil.

He was even amused, although he did his best to hide his amusement.

No matter on what subject the conversation began, it turned always to Sir Basil.

He might discuss the autumn woods, the old gray churches, the pretty homesteads, anything and everything, but she always managed to bring Sir Basil in at the end.

He laughed quietly to himself, thinking the ways of lovers very wonderful ways.

"Do you think Sir Basil will come over to Brentwood to-night?" was the most eager question she asked.

"How long has he been away?" said the General.

"Four days," replied Leah.

"Then I should most decidedly say that we shall find Sir Basil waiting for us at the station."

He was right.

Sir Basil had ridden over to the station at Arley, intending to go back with them to Brentwood.

There is surely nothing so pathetic as a great love—nothing so beautiful or so sad.

Leah's face was a picture to see when her eyes fell on her lover.

Sir Basil had resolved to do his best.

There should be no more loitering in the pleasant paths of temptation for him.

He would honestly try to make the girl who loved him happy.

When between her brilliant beautiful face and his own there rose the shadow of a pale sweet face drowned in tears, he turned resolutely away; he would not see it.

Leah thought that he looked very ill, pale, worn, and exhausted.

"You want me to take care of you," she said. "What have you been doing to yourself, Basil? I shall not let you leave us again. You look as though you had been ill."

"I am well enough, Leah; you need not be anxious about me. I have been busy. I find that it does not do to be long from home. My land-steward is one of the best men I could have for my purpose; but there is no man living can take the whole responsibility of an estate from its owner. I am glad you have returned, Leah; now we shall have some weeks, at least, of peace."

He spoke in the tone and with the manner of one tried beyond endurance; and again it struck Leah how strangely and sadly he was altered.

There was a warm welcome for the travelers at Brentwood; everyone seemed delighted.

The household were all in grand array, ready to receive them; the fine old mansion seemed to have put on its brightest look to welcome them.

Then Sir Arthur, Leah, and Sir Basil sat down to dinner.

They found it a great change from the large party that had gathered round the dinner-table at Dene Abbey.

"After all," said the General; "it is impossible to live in a crowd. One requires quiet every now and then."

On this occasion Leah looked more lovely in Sir Arthur's eyes than she ever did in her magnificent toilettes at Dene.

She wore a dress of rich white lace with ribbons of pale lemon-color, a pomegranate blossom in her dark hair and in the bodice of her dress—a toilette that suited her to perfection.

She had never looked happier.

The sense of being at home again, the fact of having Basil with her, or knowing that he had been working hard so as to bring the time of their marriage nearer, the recollection that she should not leave Brentwood again until she left it his wife—all these things made her wonderfully and unutterably happy.

Sir Basil's heart was moved when he looked at her; she so well deserved the greatest love that any man could give her.

And he?

Ah, if Heaven would but take from him the memory of the sweet pale face drowned in tears!

If he could forget that for one half-hour in his life he had known what true happiness was!

After dinner, under the pretence of looking to an accumulation of business letters, but in reality to indulge in ten minutes' slumber, the General went for half an hour to his study, and Leah and Sir Basil were left together.

A sense of the cruel wrong that a loveless marriage would be to her came over the Baronet; and he vowed to himself that he would make amends to her by increased kindness, by studying her wishes in every way.

He little dreamed how keenly and clearly the eyes of love saw.

He would put an end to all doubts at once; better a thousand times to fix his chain so tightly that he could not even move it.

Leah was standing against the carved mantelpiece in the drawing-room; a bright fire burned in the grate, the lamps were lighted and a half-golden radiance from them filled the room and fell on the queenly head with its crown of rich dark hair, on the beautiful face that was transfigured with love and happiness, and on the white, graceful throat and rounded arms.

The fine white lace swept the floor.

A prince might have been proud to woo this girl for his wife; her beauty and grace would have charmed any man.

Perhaps, out of the whole wide world, this man who was to marry her was the only one would have looked on her loveliness without emotion.

He went up to her, and put his arm round her waist.

He was not given to caressing, and Leah raised her face with an expression of half-amused wonder.

"I want to ask you a question, Leah," he said gently. "What day shall we choose for our wedding-day? I shall leave it entirely to you, dear," he continued. "We arranged that the wedding should take place in the spring—in what month shall it be?"

Something in his tone arrested her attention; his voice was not musical with love, but earnest, as though he weighed each syllable.

She looked at him keenly; he was calm, with a thoughtful expression on his face; there was no rapture, no warmth.

She could not tell why, but in that moment her heart chilled; then she reproached herself for it.

He could give her no greater proof than this—that he asked her to be his wife.

Why should she find fault with the manner of his asking?

Yet she wished that there had been more passion in his words.

"May marriages are so unlucky, so people say," he continued. "The violets bloom and the trees begin to bud in April. Shall it be in April, Leah?"

She put her arms around his neck and raised her face to his: the love that shone in her eyes might have melted a heart of stone.

"Are you quite sure that you wish it then, Basil?" she asked anxiously.

"I am quite sure," he replied, with more firmness and greater tenderness.

"Then it shall be just as you will," she replied; and they parted that night with the distinct understanding that the marriage was to take place in April.

"You have the wedding-ring, Leah?" said Sir Basil.

"Yes; I have it in safe keeping," she replied, with a happy smile.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SO the wedding day was fixed, and in Leah's future there did not seem to be one cloud.

Anyone, on hearing of what awaited her, would have pronounced her to be one of the happiest girls on whom the sun shone.

Beauty, riches, honor, love—every gift with which life and fortune can crown their favorites was hers.

There were times when the faint shadows died, and the sun of her love and happiness shone out in full and perfect day; then again the clouds of doubt gathered and her disturbing fancies took tangible shape.

But in April, with the snowdrops and violets, with the springing leaves and the song of the birds, would come her wedding-day, she said to herself.

Sir Basil must love her, or he would not ask her to be his wife.

He was not marrying her for beauty; he had seen fairer women.

It was not for wealth; he was rich enough himself.

It could be for nothing but love.

To her own heart she said that she would be happy; she would trample under foot all her fancies and thoughts, "vague ideas that knew no form," and give herself up to happiness which should have in it no alloy.

A week later Sir Basil drove over to Brentwood to consult Leah about the colors and decorations for her boudoir.

In every detail he showed the strongest desire to please her.

What he did not give her in devoted or passionate love he gave her in unremitting attention.

Glen was in the hands of the decorators.

It was many years since the interior had been renovated, and Sir Basil had determined that it should be a fitting shrine for the beautiful woman who was to be its mistress.

The room that was to be so essentially her own, her boudoir, he was interested in above all.

He had laughed when the manager from the well-known firm of Clough & Hewson had waited upon him, and, after some little preliminaries, had said that he should be grateful if he could see the portrait or have some slight description of the lady who was to preside over the room.

"No matter how beautiful the coloring of a room may be," he said, "if it does not harmonize with the lady for whose use it is, all the beauty is in vain. With walls of the most delicate amber a blonde lady would be out of harmony altogether."

Sir Basil had smiled and nodded approvingly.

"The lady who is to inhabit this particular room is a brunette," he said.

The manager bowed with a gratified air.

"You see, sir," he said, "the coloring of a room is like the background of a picture."

And Sir Basil had been so struck with the words that he had driven over to see Leah upon the point.

It was a fine morning, and he found his *fiancee* in the large conservatory, to which an aviary was attached.

She was feeding some favorite birds of hers—birds of bright-hued plumage.

He was a lover of beauty, and he felt that it would scarcely be possible to find a fairer picture than this peerless girl in her simple morning dress of white.

The background of rich flowers and foliage threw into bold relief the faultless lines of the graceful figure, even as the white hands looked like snow amongst the bright-colored hues.

He could not help admiring her and telling himself that this peerless woman was his.

There was more tenderness in the kiss he gave her than there had ever been in any caress of his before.

At any sign of love from him Leah's heart thrilled with happiness; and now her face brightened suddenly, as a gray landscape becomes golden under the light of the sun.

"I have ridden over this morning," he said, "on very important business. The decorators are awaiting instructions regarding your boudoir. I want you to choose the colors yourself; I will have no other taste consulted but your own."

"I saw a very pretty boudoir at Lady Daventry's last year," she answered. "It was all white, and panelled in gold. The hangings were of white satin with heavy gold fringe and tassels; the carpet was of thick white velvet, and the couches and chairs were covered with white satin. If you wish me to consult my own taste, Basil, I should like the same."

"Nothing could be more beautiful," he said. "How rooms, after a time, seem to partake of the character of those who live in them! I was looking round Glen this morning, and trying to picture you as you will be when you are mistress there. I could fancy you sweeping through the broad corridors and up the marble staircase—that staircase, by-the-way, is the most precious thing we have at Glen; I fancied you standing in the drawing-room, receiving visitors with the same grace as here. I went purposely into the breakfast-room that I might try to imagine what it would be like when your dear face shone there, when morning after morning I should see you there opposite to me. I thought of the months and years that would pass while we should be together. I wondered what life would bring to us, Leah. There is no limit to thought," he continued. "I tried to foresee what the coming years would be like, Leah—if ever, as they passed, we should have little quarrels, little coolnesses, as other people do."

"Never, my love—never!" she said. "My will must always submit to yours."

"I wondered if we should like the same people, make the same friends, share the same tastes. A whole lifetime seemed to pass in review before me. Then I wondered if either one of us would be stricken down by dangerous illness, and which would die first."

"I have often wondered which of us would die first, Basil," she said, clinging to him as though not even Death should take him away.

"Leah," he said suddenly, "have you seen a beautiful little poem called 'An Untimely Thought?' It is supposed to be written by a husband waiting at the foot of the stairs while his wife puts the last finishing stroke to her toilette. He wonders when and where he shall die.

"'I wonder what day of the week?
I wonder what month of the year?
Will it be midnight or morning?
And who will bend o'er my bier?

"'What a hideous fancy to come
As I wait at the foot of the stairs,
While Lilian gives the last touch
To her robe or the rose in her hair?

"'Do I like your new dress—Pompadour?
And do I like you? On my life,
You are eighteen, and not a day more,
And have not been six years my wife!

"'Those two rosy boys in the crib
Upstairs are not ours to be sure!
You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
All sunshine and snowy and pure.

"'As the carriage rolls down the dark street,
The little wife laughs and makes cheer;
But . . . I wonder what day of the week?
I wonder what month of the year?'"

Leah listened attentively.

"It is very sad and very sweet, Basil. Ah, it is a terrible thing—death! To think that nothing in the world can save one from it, neither wealth, nor love, nor——"

"Are you afraid of death?" he interrupted.

"Yes, I am—perhaps more than most people. When I was a little child I was taken to Westminster Abbey, and was left alone amidst the monuments until my friends came back for me. One struck me so much, Basil. I forget the name of the persons in memory of whom it has been erected; I remember only the subject—a young and beautiful wife clasped in her husband's arms, and Death, in terrible guise, trying to snatch her from him and drag her into his hideous den. I was greatly impressed with it. Child as I was, I thought how horrible, how strong Death must be, when even the love of her husband could not keep a wife safe in his arms. I think that was the first time I ever felt afraid of death. Oh, Basil, now that I am so happy, I do not want to die!"

"My dearest Leah, I hope there is no question of it. What make you think and speak of death when I have come purposely to tell you about our home?"

"It is your fault," she replied half-laughingly. "You would recite those lines, and you wondered which would die first."

"Well, if I am to blame, I will soon make amends by changing the conversation."

She was looking at him with grave sweet eyes.

"Basil," she said, "you tell me that in your fancy you saw me moving about the rooms at Glen, and taking my place in them. One strange thing with me is that I can never do that—I can never imagine myself at Glen. I never go beyond my wedding-day; the life that lies beyond is all dark and blank. I think of you, and of being with you, but I see no farther. I never behold a future in which we are both here at Brentwood or at Glen. Do you not think it strange?"

"You are fanciful, Leah," he replied.

Yet her words touched him.

"Is that it? I have often wondered in my own mind how it was. You are sure it is fancy, Basil—not presentiment?"

He laughed at the idea that possessed her.

"I do not believe in presentiments, Leah," he said; "fancy and presentiment are to my mind the same thing."

"I do not think so. I have heard of so many forebodings that have been realized," she replied.

"Has one of your own ever been realized?" he asked.

And she was compelled to answer "No."

"Before I met you, Basil," she said, "I did dream at times of the future; now I have a weird sensation that the end of everything comes with the evening of the day, and the morning begins a new life."

"I was much amused," remarked Sir Basil, "at hearing that Lady Drummond had cured her youngest daughter of a terrible love-fever by the simple expedient of giving her a very difficult piece of needlework to do. I must follow her example in this respect, Leah. I must give you some problems in Euclid to solve, some chapters of history to study—anything to clear these cobwebs from you brain."

"There is one thing that I would much rather you gave me," she said slowly.

"What is it, Leah?" he asked.

There was no answer.

"Leah, what is it?" he repeated.

And she looked up at him with a beautiful flush on her face.

"I honestly believe that you mean this," he replied, bending over her and kissing her lips. "Did you mean that, dear?"

"It is better than history or Euclid," she replied laughingly.

And then the bright-hued birds and the fragrant blossoms were witnesses of a pretty little scene in which sweet sunny laughter and tenderly-whispered words were intermingled.

It was one of the happiest hours in Leah's life.

Her proud beauty, her picturesque surroundings, the love-light in her dark eyes, the subtle fragrance, the devotion to himself with which each word of hers was instinct, all charmed Sir Basil for a few passing minutes.

The phantom of his love with the pale face and the golden hair was forgotten; he was carried away by Leah's passionate devotions.

He left her standing there amidst the birds and the blossoms, her eyes full of love, her face all tenderness; and as he saw her in that moment he never saw her again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE last autumn flower had died, and over the earth had fallen the white robe of winter.

Glen was still in the hands of the workpeople, and Sir Basil was busied with the coming election, his marriage, and his estate.

Leah was also engrossed in preparations; while the General rejoiced to see his niece so active and happy.

A sudden interruption came to this state of things.

One morning the General came down full of bright plans and anticipations.

His favorite beverage was a cup of coffee, made from the fragrant freshly-ground berries; Leah, on the contrary, preferred drinking orange pekoe from a cup of priceless Sevres.

Sir Arthur discussed his breakfast, talked about the party of visitors whom he would like to gather under his roof for Christmas, about Sir Basil, and how much better he had seemed to be on the previous evening, and finally walked to a table in another part of the room, on which the post-bag was lying.

It was one of the rules of the household at Brentwood that the letters should never be opened until after breakfast, the General's idea being that, if they contained bad news, it was better to delay it, if good, it would be the better for keeping.

He took the bag in his hands, all unconscious that it held for him and for others a certain doom.

"We have numerous correspondents this morning," he said, turning out the contents.

Some of the letters contained invitations and news from friends; others were circulars and charitable appeals.

At last the General came to one envelope that seemed to puzzle him.

He looked at the post-mark, and saw the word "Southwood."

Who could have written to him from Southwood?

That was the little town on the slope of the great green hill near Dene Abbey.

He had driven through it once or twice; but he was not aware that he knew any one living there.

"Leah," he cried, "here is a strange thing—a letter from Southwood! That is the place by the sea, is it not?"

"Yes," she replied; "but I have never been there.

"I did not know that you had any correspondents in that part of the country, uncle."

"Nor did I," he said.

"This letter is written by a lady, I am sure.

"It is an easy, elegant flowing hand."

"The quickest way to see from whom it comes is to open it and look at the signature," laughed Leah.

"You do not seem to have thought of that, uncle."

He joined in her laughter, then opened the envelope, drew out the letter, and read it.

As he did so, all the color died from his face and the smile from his lips.

He perused it slowly and carefully, then looked at Leah.

Alarmed by the expression of his eyes, she rose from her seat by the fire and went over to him.

"This concerns you, Leah," he said. "It is written by your sister Hettie."

"By Hettie!" she cried. "Oh, uncle, what is it? May I read it?

But, when she held the letter in her hands, her agitation was so great that she could not see the words.

"Tell me what it is about?" she cried, in distress.

"I cannot read—I cannot see! What is it, uncle?"

The General looked at her with pitying eyes.

"Let me keep it until you can read it, Leah.

"Carry your mind back, my dear, to the afternoon when I first saw you—to the little gloomy room where the bars of yellow sunlight fell upon the floor.

"Do you remember it, Leah?"

"Yes," she cried, with a shudder; "but why do you speak of it—why remind me of it?"

"You will hear, my dear.

"This letter is from Hettie: and she says that your father is very ill, and wishes to see you."

Leah clasped her hands in dismay.

"Oh, uncle," she cried, "I had so nearly forgotten that terrible past, that dreadful life!"

"I know, my dear," he said soothingly. "We have kept to our compact well; the name of Ray had not been mentioned between us.

"But this letter is the result of my words.

"I said—Heaven forgive me if I spoke too harshly!—that in life I would have nothing to do with him, but that, if, when he came to die, he wanted you, you should go to him.

"You remember?"

"Yes," she replied, shuddering, "I remember it.

"You said, 'If you are dying, and send for her, she shall come.'"

"Those were my words," said the General, "and I must carry them out.

"Your father is dying, Leah, and he wants to see you."

She hid her face in her hands, and he saw that she trembled.

"You shall not go unless you wish," he said.

"I must go," she replied, looking up at him in troubled despair.

"Duty, conscience, honor, all tell me I must go; but I shrink from it.

"Oh, uncle, I hate that old life so much!"

"You need not think of it.

"You will never go back to it, Leah; and you shall not go to Southwood now unless you wish it."

"I must go," she said, more to herself than to him.

"He is my father—I must go. Let me see what Hettie says, uncle.

"I have longed to speak of her. It eases my heart even to utter her name."

Silently the General placed the letter in her hands, and watched her face as she read.

Simple and pathetic were the words addressed by Hettie to the General.

She seemed to think that the presence of death levelled all distinctions.

She addressed him as "Dear Uncle," and went on to say that all through the summer her father had been very ill, but that lately he had been much worse.

Ten days since the doctor had thought him dying.

Since then he had been in a terrible state, dying, yet could not die.

"Last night" he had called her to him, and told her that he could not die until he had seen Leah once more.

"I cursed her, Hettie, when she left me," he had said, "and I want to take the curse from her.

"I cannot die until I have seen her.

"Write to the General, and ask him to bring her hither."

"I must go," Leah repeated with white lips, turning to the General.

"How horrible, uncle!

"My poor father did curse me, but they were only words.

"I have never been frightened about it; have you?"

"I have never liked even to think of it, my dear," he replied.

"If any one was to blame in that terrible business, it was myself.

"I was too harsh, but I thought I was carrying out my dead sister's wish—that was all.

"Everything looks different in the presence of death; and yet I do not see how I could have acted otherwise.

"Will you go at once, Leah?"

"Do you really believe that he is dying?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the General; "I see no reason for doubting what Hettie says. I do not think he would ask to see you, Leah, if he had any chance of life."

"Then we must go at once," she said. "But was there ever anything so strange, uncle?

"It looks to me more than a coincidence that they should have lived at Southwood and we at Dene Abbey, so near them, yet never once have met. Is it fate or Providence?"

"Providence," replied the brave old soldier.

"I do not believe in fate.

"I remember, when we were at Dene, hearing the Duke speak of some worn-out old politician who lived at Southwood. I need hardly say that I never for one moment dreamed that it was Martin Ray."

Leah shrank back with a shudder at the sound of the name.

"Do not think me unfeeling, uncle," she said, "but I suffered so terribly in my early life that I cannot bear even to recall it. And to think that I have been so near Hettie, and never knew it!"

Sir Arthur took out his watch and looked at it.

"We can catch the mid-day express," he said, "if we lose no time."

But Leah seemed hardly conscious of his words.

"Uncle," she said, "there was a time when Hettie and I had but one heart and one life between us.

"How strange that we were so near, with only the great green hill dividing us! I wonder what Hettie is like."

"She was a very sweet girl," said the General.

"I wish she had chosen to come with us; but I admired then, as I do now, the faithful tender heart.

"We must not lose time, Leah," he added.

But there was something in his niece's face that made him stop and draw her closer to him, that made him kiss her again and again, while he said—

"You are the child of my heart, Leah; and you, who came with me, are the one I shall always love best in this world.

"Go now to your room to dress, and I will get ready at once.

"Stay—we must think of Basil.

"Write a note to him—one of the grooms shall take it over—and tell him that we have been sent for quite suddenly to the sick-bed of a relative, but that we expect to return in a day or two.

"Do not say where we are going.

"I will tell him the whole story on my return.

"I intended to tell him in the course of a few day; it is time he knew.

"How surprised he will be!"

So they parted; but, for the first time since he had adopted Leah, there was in the General's mind a slight sense of disappointment—he could hardly tell why or wherefore.

He would have felt happier had she shown more pity, more affection for Martin Ray, more anxiety to be with him; and yet it was by his wish that she had left him.

And in Leah's heart there was something like a feeling of resentment or jealousy.

It seemed to her that he admired Hettie for staying with her father quite as much as he had admired her for coming away.

"Perhaps," said Leah to herself, "he thinks Hettie the more noble of the two. He does not know.

"There are many ways of showing true nobility.

"I may find one some day."

They reached the station just in time to catch the mid-day express that would enable them to arrive at Southwood long before night.

* * * * * * *

The sullen gray light of a dull November sky fell over land and sea.

The great hill that lay between the wide woodlands and Southwood looked brown and arid.

The tide was high, and the huge waves boomed at the foot of the rocks.

It was a chill, uncomfortable evening, with a cold wind blowing, the clouds falling lower and threatening rain, a mist spreading from sea to land, clinging to the trees and hedges, and lying like soft clouds on the grass.

There was no sound of a bird's song, no glimpse of a flower.

Even the pretty little town of Southwood looked dull and gloomy.

All around it was still and silent, except for the sullen roar of the waves and the wailing of the wind.

All the sweet summer sounds and scents were dead; autumn reigned supreme.

Inside Martin Ray's cottage the scene was even more dreary than without.

There is no room so sad as that in which a man has lain day after day, week after week, dying.

When there is any hope in the nursing, it is not so dreary.

There is the prospect of a pleasant termination; there is the looking forward to a time when all the paraphernalia of medicine will be done away with.

But in this case there was no such hope. The long illness must end in death, and death was long in coming.

It seemed at times as though nothing but the fierceness of hate kept life in Martin Ray; all that he had disliked, scorned, denounced in his youth and his strength, was more odious than ever to him now.

More than once his doctor, looking at the stern vindictive face, said to himself—

"It is strong feeling that keeps him alive."

That Hettie was a model nurse, as she had always been a model daughter, surprised no one.

She never seemed to think of herself; she scarcely slept or rested, for the dying man was afraid to be left alone.

"You must never leave me, Hettie," he said to her one day.

"While you are in the room some of my old thoughts of the angels come to me; the moment you go I have a horrible fancy."

"What is it?" she asked, touching the gray hair with her white fingers.

"When you leave the room, it fills with huge black dogs, their flaming eyes all fixed on me.

"I know it is not fancy, because they only bark.

"They never touch me."

She could only bend over him in loving pity, and murmur sweet words of comfort.

It was a terrible death-bed to Hettie.

It would have been terrible to any girl, but it was more so to her, for she was so sensitive, so spiritual, and the man dying there so sadly the reverse.

She never forgot those long night-watches.

It was horrible to turn from the lines of light that lay upon the sea to the gray head tossing and turning on the pillow, to the pallid lips whose utterances were at times so terrible.

One night Martin called her to him.

"Send for Leah," he said; "I cursed her, and I cannot die."

He knew nothing of the beauty of patience, of the value of suffering; all that he knew was that his time was come, and yet he could not die.

The doctor had wondered at his prolonged life; and once—ah, would Hettie ever forget that terrible day?—the kind-hearted Rector of Southwood had made his way to the sick man's room.

Hettie never knew all that passed; but, when he was leaving the house, the good clergyman, with a shocked, horrified expression on his face, said—

"Pray for your father.

"He wants all the mercy Heaven can give him.

"It is nothing but hatred that keeps him alive."

It was a lonely and terrible task, nursing that stern cynical man.

Hettie grew paler and thinner every day.

Deep in her heart lay the secret of her lost love.

She had put it out of sight; there would be time enough to think of it and mourn over it when her father was gone.

Her mind and thoughts were so much engrossed with him that she did not dwell, as she would otherwise have done, on the fact that Leah would soon be with her—Leah, whom she had seen last in all the splendor of her magnificence.

The bleak November evening wore on, the gray head and the white face turned restlessly to and fro.

"Hettie, is she come yet?" was the hoarse cry from Martin's lips.

"Your sister deserted me, and I cursed her, and I want to take the curse away from her."

The devoted daughter who had been so true and faithful to him, who had refused rank and wealth, and had clung to him—of her he had nothing to say.

He did not thank her for the sacrifice of so much of her fair young life to him; he accepted all as his due.

But in death, as in life, his heart was with his beautiful Leah, whom he had meant to succeed him.

The dull leaden hours passed on.

He had no strength; for many hours he had taken no nourishment.

He called Hettie to him.

"Does a righteous man's blessing ever do any good?" he asked, in a thick hoarse whisper.

"Yes," she answered.

There was no time to stop and think with those dying eyes fixed on her face.

"Then a bad man's curse must do harm!" he moaned; and Hettie had no answer for him.

The evening deepened, silence crept over the land, and the shadow of death grew darker over the cottage.

The grim king had drawn one step nearer, and Martin Ray had gathered all his energies together to do battle with him.

He spoke to himself, not to Hettie.

"I will not die until I have seen Leah.

"What is it I have laid upon her? Something heavy and black and bitter.

"I must take it off.

"I will not die until she comes."

In this the hour of her distress friends and neighbors were good to Hettie.

She was never left alone.

But Martin Ray would have no strange women in his room—no nurses, no friendly helpers for him; and he gave no thought to the terror that his lonely child must feel.

As this world fell from him and the light of another grew clearer to him, he saw more distinctly the face of his lost daughter.

"Leah!" he cried incessantly.

"Leah, I want you! Leah, come to me! Leah, I cannot die! Oh, Heaven, I cannot die!"

Hettie had borne so much that she did not even cry out when he turned his angry, despairing, dying face to hers, and said—

"Why did you not go?

"Since one must leave me, why did you not go and leave her with me?"

They were cruel words that her tender heart did not resent even then.

She excused him even to herself, saying that he did not know what he was uttering, he did not understand.

The cold hand of death pressed him more closely.

There was something of dignity in the way in which Martin Ray threw out his arms in despair.

"I will not die until I have seen Leah!" he cried.

"I know—I have read—what the curse of a father brings to a child.

"She did not merit it.

"I must take it away.

"If I do not, her life will be spoiled. Hettie, give me something that I may live until she comes.

"I can hear horses galloping up the hill—I hear carriage-wheels!

"I hear the rush of the wind, the roar of the sea; I can hear—oh, Leah, make haste!"

But Hettie knew that no carriage could drive up to their cottage, and she tried her best to tranquillise him.

His cries grew feebler; the incessant beating of his hand on the pillow stopped; there was a curious look on his face, gray, livid, and startled.

She knelt down by his side and took one of the numbed hands in hers and laid it upon her head.

"I have loved you and served you faithfully, father," she said; "have you no blessing for me?"

The hand lay there like lead; the dying eyes looked into hers, and in them she read a terrible craving.

"I want Leah," he muttered.

Suddenly the gray shades changed into darkness; and Hettie, seeing a new and terribly strange expression on the worn face, rose from her knees with a startled cry.

The women waiting below came running up; and as they did so the sound of some unusual stir below told that Sir Arthur and Leah had arrived.

At the same moment something like a shudder passed over the dying man.

The next instant a soul had gone forth to meet its Judge, and the Angel of Death sheathed his sword.

Martin Ray was dead.

It was little wonder that Hettie, dazed and stunned, fell forward upon the quiet heart that was to love and to hate no more.

When she opened her eyes again, it was Leah who held her in her arms.

One minute had passed, yet to Hettie it seemed many hours.

"Too late!" she heard some one say. Then Leah placed her gently in the chair, and went over to her father.

She knelt down by his side, and a bitter cry came from her lips.

"I am too late," she said—"too late! Oh, Hettie, he has never taken that cruel curse from me! I am too late!"

She took the cold motionless hand in hers and the silence in the room was broken only by her sobs.

All the past, with its great dread, and her great horror of it, passed over her as she looked at his face, the face that would never smile or frown upon her again.

The General, watching the scene, assured himself that it was better father and daughter had not met. There could have been nothing pleasant in the words they would exchanged; there would have been no real affection. Yet he had a lingering, half-superstitious wish that the terrible curse Martin Ray had hurled at Leah when they parted had been taken back.

"I am too late!" sobbed Leah. "Oh, Hettie, if I had but spoken to him once! I have often thought of him, often been sorry; and now I am too late! Tell me if he spoke about me, if he said anything, if he wished to see me? He was my own father after all."

Sir Arthur withdrew, signing to the women to follow him. It was better to leave the sisters alone with their dead.

An hour afterwards, when he went back, he found them locked in each other's arms, and he vowed to himself that they should not be parted again. Death had softened his heart, and had inclined to the fair and devoted child of his dead sister. He resolved that, if she would, she should come away with him, and leave him no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

MR. ASHLEY watched the workings of her expressive features with quiet satisfaction.

He knew her noble spirit too well to doubt the decision, where self alone concerned.

"Barbara," said he, "you will come to me."

"I see it in your eyes; but I see, too, that you want to make conditions.

"What are they?"

"First, that you will not allow me to be considered an intruder in your house," she replied; "that you will always treat Claudia as if you had never taken me to your house; that she shall still feel that she is your adopted ward, and that I am a more casual guest."

He smiled, but a strange sad flash came in his eyes.

"I promise that she shall not doubt that you and she are on a different footing in my house," he replied.

"What else?"

"That you will let me earn my own living as I have hitherto done, and keep my present engagement, as I should do were I to remain here," said Barbara.

"You had better stipulate that you shall pay for your food," said Sidney, jestingly.

He was evidently much amused.

"Indeed, I am not jesting," said Barbara.

"If you will give me the comfort of a home, and the consciousness that you are my firm friend, I shall be very grateful, and willing to come and repay, as best I can, your goodness.

"But I am not going to be dependent on your charity."

"Do you know how I discovered your hiding-place?" he said, suddenly.

"Certainly not," she replied.

"I had tried to prevent its being known to any one.

"Mrs. Forbes's maid was the only person that could have told you, and I should have trusted her discretion."

"You are right," said he.

"The confidante was discreet; but I have other means of discovering truants.

"Look here," he continued, taking from his pocket a number of the magazine on which she was engaged, and holding it out to her, smilingly; "that was the best direction to you, little one.

"I could not mistake that style, those sentiments, that transcript of yourself; so I went to the office, and quietly asked for Miss Graham's address, without even inquiring whether she was the new authoress.

"You see you were the real betrayer of your secret; and, with the talent you thus display, I am not much surprised that you shrink from giving up your literary pursuits, nor will I ask you to do so.

"But it should be for fame, and not for bread, that a really gifted woman should write, or she can do little justice to her own powers."

"Thank you, I am not gifted then," she said, quietly, "for I can perhaps do better with such a stimulant as the love of independence, sir; I cannot give that up.

"I will, if you please, be your visitor for a time, but not your dependent."

"You are incorrigible," he said, laughingly.

"I suppose I must yield, and sign your stipulation.

"And now, when will you come?"

"When you please," she replied.

"Then I shall send for you to-morrow," said he.

"I suppose you can give up those charming rooms at any time?"

"I shall not give them up," said Barbara; "and I beg you will not despise my home, Mr. Ashley."

It was perhaps the first playful look and tone that Barbara had indulged in for many a long day, and they were hailed by Mr. Ashley as a first proof of his kindly influence over the lonely orphan.

"Then you mean to keep two homes, signorina?" said he.

"I mean to keep a home," she replied, flinging a pretty, proud, defiant look at him.

"And I owe too much to those kind people to desert them when I can dispense with their hospitality."

"You are a good child," he said, kissing the hand he had taken with fraternal kindness; "and I began to doubt my own wisdom, after all.

"Good-bye, I shall send for you to-morrow."

He was gone before Barbara could decide whether he meant that he had been scarcely wise in his efforts to draw her from her home, and for about half an hour after he had left her she sat pondering on the sudden change in her prospects, and the singular chance which would once more establish her under the same roof with Claudia.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE carriage that bore Barbara Graham from the home where she had known so much sorrow, and yet had valued so truly as a refuge in her extremity, drove rapidly through the carriage sweep before a beautiful mansion-like villa on the edge of the New Forest.

The whole aspect of the house and grounds, and park-like land that surrounded it, spoke of wealth and taste in its owner, as indeed all that belonged to Sidney Ashley ever did speak.

It was his nature, and he could not have lived in an ungenial atmosphere.

The house had belonged to his family for many years, but hitherto had been let to a wealthy tenant, and only just been put in its present order for the reception of Mr. Ashley, his aunt, and ward.

Sidney had thought it better to accustom Mrs. Cowan to Claudia's presence, under the restraint of his own guardianship, before carrying out the plan he had originally formed of a foreign residence for his future bride; and Mrs. Cowan's health continued in so shattered a condition, that it was doubtful whether such a journey might be safe and practicable for some time to come.

So, Mrs. Ellis was comfortably established in the villa, which had been so long her home with her wayward charge, and Claudia was transferred to the more splendid mansion which was to be her home till the final establishment of the little party at the ancestral seat of the Ashleys.

Only a week had elapsed since this event, when the carriage that contained the early companion of her childhood and humble home, brought this new and unexpected addition to the party.

Barbara had anticipated the meeting with a feeling rather of curiosity than of timid anxiety as to her reception by the beautiful ward of Sidney Ashley.

It was only when the girl doubted her own position that she was either timidly sensitive or proudly shy.

She was conducted to a suite of rooms that reminded her of the luxurious apartments at Colonel Forbes's, though with a truer taste, and more refined elegance in the decorations.

Were they Claudia's, and would she be indeed the beautiful queen of this delightful place, which her early childhood had promised?

Barbara stood contemplating all around, and every moment turning eagerly to watch the door, when the light touch of the handle told of the approach of the anxiously expected, long-lost Claudia.

In another moment Barbara sprung, with both hands extended, to meet her, as she entered the room.

How superbly beautiful she was, with her rich complexion, her radiant Indian eyes, and arched, delicate eyebrows!

Barbara stood for a few moments speechless with admiration.

"You don't know me?" said the soft, rich voice.

"For shame, Barbara, to forget old friends!"

"Claudia, is it possible?

"I could not have believed it?" exclaimed the girl, in undisguised admiration of her.

She was too true a lover of the beautiful not to appreciate that perfect face and form.

"Why not possible?" said the beautiful brunette, with a smile.

"Should you not have known me, Barbara?

"I should have recognised those dear eyes of yours anywhere.

"I have so often longed to see them again. Are you really pleased to see me again, you dear, solemn, grave creature?"

"Indeed I am," replied Barbara, beginning by slow degrees to trace out the well-remembered features of the child in the beauty of the woman; "but you have grown so lovely, Claudia!

"I cannot get used to you at once."

Claudia smiled, but no blush crimsoned her cheek.

She knew too well her own beauty to feel the slightest surprise at Barbara's admiration.

"Yes, I believe I am," she said; "but it is not like you, Barbara, to think so much of an accident which perhaps is more of a misfortune than a blessing.

"It brings some annoyance with it, I can tell you; but still, I believe I rather enjoy it."

She glanced at the opposite mirror, and then her eyes were fixed on Barbara.

"And you have no cause to complain, you grave Minerva," she added.

"I never thought you could be half so attractive, Barbara; but what with those expressive eyes, and your clever-looking face, and the fine figure, I'm not sure I should like you for a rival, handsome as you may consider me.

"You need not be afraid," said Barbara.

"Perhaps not," said Claudia.

"And yet, I believe you would have been far better in my place, if some one had had the wit to discover it; and it may not be too late now."

There was silence for a few moments.

Barbara was still busily recalling the past which the gradually familiarising features of Claudia brought so vividly before her, while her companion was idly playing with a beautiful ring that encircled her slender finger.

Perhaps some memories of old days recurred to her as well as to Barbara; for she suddenly exclaimed, "Have you seen Lily lately?

You know she is to be married in a few weeks.

I wish her intended joy."

"Claudia!" said Barbara, and her tone was half-reproachful, half-inquiring.

It was so strange, so painful, to hear such news from another, and in such a tone.

"Oh, you need not look so reproving," said Claudia; "it is the truth.

"I have heard of Lily from Mrs. Cowan and from Mr. Ashley too; and I don't believe she has a grain of real heart in her; but perhaps it does not signify; she is better without it if Mr. Joddrell does not mind the deficiency.

"I tell you, Barbara, she would do anything to please; and, if she wants to please her husband, she can do so very well; if not, she'll do the same for any one else.

"I can remember it as a little child, and so would you if she had not been your sister; and you used to spoil her as much as any one."

"Claudia, you forget you are speaking to Lily's sister," said Barbara, gravely.

"No wonder; you are so unlike her," was the reply.

"But you know it is true for all that. Lily would not give up one look of approval, risk one word of censure from those she wanted to please, for your sake or any one else's."

"She was always a soft, loving temper," said Barbara; formed to be petted and cherished.

"But that should make her husband happy, and herself too."

"Love! she does not know the meaning of the word," said Claudia, impulsively. "I tell you, Barbara, a woman that really loved would give up wealth, station, friends, everything but him, she loved—nay, everything that she has prized most before she knew what it was to love.

"And nothing short of that entire devotion, slavery if you will, to the man you love, deserves the name.

"Lily love! yes, as she loves her doll or a new frock—that is all."

Barbara did not reply; she was gazing at those flaming Italian eyes, that flushed cheek, listening to the low, fervent tones.

"And you have felt this love, Claudia," she said, in a low voice.

The girl looked quickly at her, but there was little but calm, and inquiringness, to be read in the noble face; and a sudden, momentary impulse, that might have saved much misery in future, passed away.

"Bless you dear, literal self," she laughed gaily, almost scornfully; "do you suppose they have no imagination, and that they must feel all that they describe?

"Why, I might as well ask if you had been in love yourself, only that I know your grave, wise, cold ways too well to imagine such a possibility.

"What fun it would be for you to commit such a folly, Barbara!

"It would be Minerva turned into Venus, and wearing the cestus rather awkwardly, I suspect."

Barbara's cheek flushed for a moment at the sarcasm, but the real feelings of her heart were too deep and too completely crushed down from the surface, to permit their betrayal to Claudia's half-scornful eyes.

"You are right," she said; "it would be a terrible anomaly; so we may as well dismiss such an idea, and talk of yourself. There is something in your mind that makes you restless and uneasy, Claudia. In spite of your bright fate and surpassing beauty, you do not look happy.

"Surely Mr. Ashley is kind to you; he is so good, so noble; you must be proud to be distinguished by him as you are."

"He told you already then?" said Claudia, with a quick frown.

"Told me what?" said Barbara.

"You said that it was a proud thing to be distinguished by him. Barbara, it is my one great misery," she replied, placing herself on a low ottoman at Barbara's feet, and leaning her head against the arm that caressingly encircled her neck. "I cannot tell why it is," she continued; "but the sight of you brings back all my old habits, Barbara, and I am as inclined to make you my confessor as in the old days at the Asylum. Didn't Mr. Ashley tell you that—that——"

"Go on," said Barbara, in her quiet tones; "why should you hesitate, dear Claudia?"

"Simply, because I know you will either lecture me on my extreme good fortune or my extreme—what shall I say—worldliness," replied Claudia. "There, don't look through me with those searching eyes of yours. Barbara, Mr. Ashley wishes, at least, he has asked me to be his wife."

"So I imagined," was the reply. "You ought to be very happy, very proud, Claudia."

"Would you be so, if you were in my place?" she asked.

"My imagination does not extend to such impossible flights," replied Barbara; "but certainly I can fancy no happier or prouder lot for a woman than yours, unless——"

"Unless what?" interrupted Claudia.

"She happened to care for some one else," said Barbara.

Barbara felt the pulses of the fair throat beat violently against her hand, but the next moment the girl resumed her half-jesting tones.

"Take care," she said, "or you will confirm my suspicion about yourself, my dear philosopher in petticoats. Of course there can't be much chance for such a catastrophe, as I have been kept as rigidly as in a convent garden, and never been introduced to a soul except my governess, Mrs. Cowan, and my masters, and they were old and ugly."

"And Mr. Ashley also?" said Claudia.

"I cannot tell," was the reply. "It depends on your feelings. I do not know you thoroughly as a woman—I only remember you as a child."

Claudia had not heard those familiar, yet strange tones, nor met that penetrating truthful glance for many a long year, and yet they had something of the same influence over her as in the old days.

"Barbara," she said, looking suddenly up, "I know he is all you say; but yet with all with all my courage, all my self-confidence, and tolerably high opinion of myself, I am absolutely afraid of Sidney Ashley. I will not yield to the folly; I won't let him see it; and I know I am in some degree master of him. And yet he is so grave, so dignified, so used to command, and he fancies of course, that he has such claims on me, that I fairly rebel against him. I will never be his slave; but I imagine he will expect it, if I become his wife. I am not fit for such a position, and he will repent it, if he persists in wishing it."

"Then why not tell him so at once?" said Barbara.

"For the best possible reason, you dear simpleton in all worldly matters," returned Claudia. "I am too much of a woman to throw away so brilliant a conquest; too selfish, or too timid, or too grateful, whichever you will, to say ungracious and unpleasant truths to a man to whom I owe so much."

"And on that account you will deceive and risk his happiness and good opinion, and increase your own difficulties a hundredfold! Claudia, I could not have believed it of you," said Barbara, withdrawing her arm from the beautiful neck.

The vanity, the weakness, the mercenariness which Claudia's words betrayed, chilled every feeling of returning affection in Barbara for the long-lost girl.

Claudia looked up in her face, and read the calm disapproval, the contempt for her apparent heartless deception, which she knew she partly deserved, and she threw herself suddenly on Barbara's shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Barbara," she cried, "you cannot guess—you do not know all, or you would not speak so cuttingly. I am not so bad, so heartless as I seem. I am miserable, most miserable; and if you desert me, you will only drive me to desperation. I do love you, Barbara. I feel I can trust those clear, thoughtful eyes of yours; I can see you are unchanged in all these years. I have no no other real friend. Promise me that, whatever I do that seems wrong or strange, you will not betray me, you will not desert me. You little know how sorely I am tried."

Barbara sighed, for the thought of her own utter desolation and hopelessness recurred to her, as she listened to Claudia's impassioned complaints; and yet there was little in common between her calm, deep, intense grief and high-minded principles, and the passionate, uncontrolled feelings of that Italian nature.

Still, it was not in her to reject real affection, nor the appeal for her sympathy and aid from one so connected with her childish memories, with the image of Lillian as she then was, lovely, clinging, bewitching in her infant beauty and innocence.

"Claudia, dear Claudia," she said, "calm yourself; why will you not confide in me? I will never betray you; and, if it is possible, I will help and advise you to the utmost of my power. But, dear Claudia, I fear there is some hidden cause for all this grief and terror, some danger lurking beneath your seeming sunshiny fate, which only truth and courage can prevent. There is almost always sin where there is mystery; darling, be brave, be honest, and try to appreciate your singularly bright, happy lot as it deserves. Try to be worthy of it."

Claudia's long-repressed emotions seemed to have at length broken bounds too violently for control.

She wept long and bitterly on Barbara's neck, without appearing to hear her soothing words, or attempting to reply to the entreaty that she would trust in her or summon her own courage and honor to her aid.

At last Barbara's patience gave way.

She had little in common with this helpless abandonment to imaginary or weak sorrow.

She withdrew from Claudia's clasping arms, and laid her gently back on the cushions of the ottoman.

"I see I cannot help you, Claudia," she said; "I must, therefore, leave you to bear your burden alone, as I have borne mine."

"Barbara, you are unkind, unjust," said Claudia, writhing fretfully under the deserved reproach. "I would gladly change places with you at this moment if I could. You may have suffered severe trials, but you have never known such heart-struggles as mine."

A twitching spasm passed over Barbara's features.

"Would you really be willing to change places with me, Claudia?" she said; "to earn your own bread, to stand by yourself, battling with the storms of life, without love and sympathy and watchfulness, all that woman needs and clings to? If this be so, your way is plain, I say. Give up Sidney Ashley and all this luxury and splendor; give his noble heart, his guidance, his support, and come and share my lot."

"I might if I had known nothing else, if I had possessed your energetic, self-reliant spirit," said Claudia. "But the life you speak of would freeze and wither me, or drive me mad with its loveless, joyless monotony. I could not exist thus isolated, uncared for, untended."

Barbara was silent.

The description of her own struggles for a barren content, her efforts to make tame and labor fill up the longing for something more congenial, had stirred up all the old passionate murmurings of her heart, had conjured up the image of Ernest Forbes, that had so long remained veiled, but not banished from her heart.

"I knew it—I was sure of it," she said, crushing down her own rising sobs. "It is not your vocation, Claudia. Be thankful that it is spared you, and strive to repay with a woman's grateful devotion the generous love that has shielded you from so uncongenial an atmosphere."

"Can ease, luxury, and wealth satisfy the heart more than duty and labor?" asked Claudia, averting her head. "Is love to be purchased?"

"Yes, by such qualities, such generosity as Sidney Ashley's," replied Barbara. "You are no true woman, Claudia, if you are insensible to such claims on your love."

"You do not comprehend it, Barbara," said Claudia; "but one day you will feel that you have a woman's heart, and not be able to silence its overpowering cries."

"Then I will crush them!" cried the girl, passionately. "I tell you, Claudia, that even for the kindness, the benefits that I have received from Sidney Ashley, I would sacrifice the ease and comfort of my life, were it in question to save his. And you, what do you not owe to his generosity, his affection?"

A bitter smile crossed Claudia's face as she replied:

"I owe it to my own accidental beauty, and yet more to a casual likeness to one he loved in former years. It was to gratify his own desolate, selfish longings for the renewal of those feelings, that he took me, like the slave of an Eastern sultan, and brought me up to please his own romantic fancy and grace his lonely home. You see we are not quite so unequal as you seem to fancy, Barbara. His kindness to you was more disinterested than his adoption of me in my childhood."

Barbara was astonished at this proudly passionate outburst of feeling, and yet she could not altogether deny its justice.

"Claudia," she said, "you are wrong. I sincerely believe you are wrong. If you loved Mr. Ashley, you would sympathize, and rejoice to make amends for his past sorrows; but if you do not love him, then, in the name of honor, and woman's truth and faith, leave him, and come with me to wage a true and honorable battle with the world. Better anything than deception, than a loveless marriage, than affection and benefits which you cannot return."

"I cannot—I cannot," she murmured. "Barbara, do not press me further. I will tell you all some day, or rather, you will discover all. But, I charge you, by your promise to me, neither to betray nor to watch my movements, or words, or actions, while you remain with us. For your own sake I will not implicate you in the tangled, intricate mystery which even I do not yet comprehend, though I am bound to forward its development. I do love you, dear, grave, true old friend, in spite of your lectures and your transcendental flights of unattainable goodness; and so I will not drag you into my lower sphere of human passion."

There was a strange mixture of jest and earnest, of girlish wilfulness and womanly gravity in her manner, as she once more threw her arms round Barbara's neck, and kissed her with the impulsive fervor of her nature.

The girl's heart was touched, though her better judgment was startled and shocked by the purposeless waywardness of Claudia's ideas and views.

"Dear Claudia," she whispered, "if it will give you any confidence in my advice, any trust in my sympathy, I will tell you what I never meant to breathe to mortal being—I am not the cold machine of duty that you fancy. I have known what it is to love, and to know him I love pledged to another; and yet I have lived, and labored, and found peace and content in the self-conquest, the struggle for independence, the consciousness of deserving the love that I once believed might have been mine under other circumstances."

Claudia listened with a half-pitying, half-incredulous look.

She did not comprehend such love as that of which Barbara spoke.

"We are made of different materials, Barbara," she said; "but I am not so insensible as not to admire your self-command, or your exceedingly regulated feelings. And now that we understand each other, suppose you dress, and let me take you to Mrs. Cowan—she is the very perfection of an exacting invalid, and a haughty, worldly woman. But I dare say you will manage to humor her pride and selfishness better than I can."

"I have no great vocation for such humility," said Barbara, with an incredulous smile; "but, of course, I shall pay necessary respect to Mr. Ashley's aunt."

"That is precisely the relationship she ignores," said Claudia, emphatically. "Oh, it is delicious to see her jealousy of me, Barbara, and her haughty contempt when she can show it with impunity! I am half inclined to marry Mr. Ashley to gall her pride, and then run away after, to complete the mortification. There, don't look so shocked! Let me arrange that sash for you; I see you have not learned toilette secrets even yet."

She put some final touches to Barbara's toilette, and then opened the door to conduct her to the reception-room.

As she did so, Barbara gave a quick, curious look around the corridor, with its numerous doors and long, wide recesses.

"Ah, you may well look half frightened," observed Claudia. "I don't know why you were put in these rooms, they are so far away from mine or Mrs. Cowan's, but Mr. Ashley gave the order himself. He said you would like to have a little hermitage of your own, and that these rooms have been the apartments of the last daughter of the Ashleys who lived here. By the way, there is a portrait of her in Mrs. Cowan's boudoir; it makes me nervous, it has such haunting, piercing eyes."

Barbara scarcely heard the last remark; she was so busy in looking round her at the antique, gloomy, painted windows and massive doorways, the very ideal of some old, half-forgotten memory of descriptions read or spoken of in early childhood.

Claudia gave her little time for contemplation, for she hastily led the way to Mrs. Cowan's presence, and Barbara had too much of the proud shyness of a sensitive and lonely recluse not to feel some timidity at the impending presentation to one on whom she was to be in some measure dependent for the comfort of her residence at Ashley Court.

The very shyness Barbara felt gave an additional tinge of proud dignity to her mien as she entered the invalid's apartment.

Her cheek was colored with a faint, soft carnation, and her eyes were half hidden under their lashes; but her graceful throat was involuntarily drawn up with that peculiar high-bred turn that betokens high birth, or the refined intellect that supplies its place.

Mrs. Cowan gave one quick, penetrating glance at the young girl, and another at the beautiful face of her companion, and a peculiar expression passed over her countenance, and an unintelligible sound escaped her lips, that might perhaps have conveyed a correct meaning to her nephew, though it did not to the young girls it appeared to concern.

"We are not quite strangers," she said, holding out her hand to the hesitating girl. "I remember you quite well at the Asylum; but you are changed, or rather I should say matured, more than I had expected, but not so changed as I am," she added, half-scornfully, half mournfully glancing at a large pier-glass opposite to her couch.

Barbara took her hand, and pressed it in both hers.

The wan, wasted face of the invalid spoke such a touching appeal to her sympathy, that she forgot Claudia's hints, her own dependence, and the sorrowful associations with that still fine striking face, in the pity for the suffering those features betrayed.

Mrs. Cowan smiled; she was too quick-sighted not to comprehend the girl aright.

"There, sit down, and let me look at you," she said; "yours is a face worth examining, which is a rare blessing to meet with in these degenerate times."

Her eye glanced to Claudia's lovely face with a look that brought a scornful smile to the beauty's lips, but at that moment Sidney Ashley entered the room.

"Ah," said he, "I see you have made a renewal of acquaintance, Helena. Tell me, would you have known our little friend from my description?"

Mrs. Cowan's eyes were fixed on a picture opposite, and then her eyes turned again to Barbara's face.

"Sidney, do you not see an extraordinary likeness to that portrait of Florence Ashley?" she said. "I thought there was something in your protegee's face that attracted me."

The eyes of all the party were turned to the portrait.

It was that of a young woman of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with features finer perhaps and more regular than Barbara's, the same lofty brow, the same magnificent eyes, the same dark, massive hair, and delicate skin.

But what was yet more remarkable, was the similarity of the expression.

There was almost the likeness of a portrait in the intellectual thoughtfulness, the dreamy sadness of the eyes, the half-proud, half-pensive look of the lips, the carriage of the head, and the long, graceful throat.

Mr. Ashley gazed for a few minutes in silence.

Then a smile broke over his features.

"I always felt there was some kindred sympathy between us, Helena," he said. "Barbara is certainly the living image of that same respectable aunt of mine, to whom I so nearly owed the loss of fortune and estates.

"But, to judge from her face, it must have been an involuntary injustice on her part. I would as soon suspect our little protege of defrauding me of my right, as that same noble-looking Florence."

Barbara looked questioningly at Mr. Ashley, though her lips did not speak the curiosity his words excited.

"It was a strange and a tangled story," he said, in reply to the look; "but its upshot was, that my great-grandfather was supposed to have made a will in favor of that same prototype of yours; but, luckily for me, it was nowhere to be discovered, and the estates came in lineal descent to the rightful heir."

Mrs. Cowan's eyes had been constantly occupied in comparing the picture and the features of the girl, whose speaking face was just now expressive of some such doubting yet deep interest as the picture had so well caught from its fair original.

"It was a strange thing that Florence's daughter should have disappeared so completely on her marriage," observed Mrs. Cowan.

"Her father's enmity must have been bitter indeed to have made him separate himself and her so entirely from your family, Sidney."

Mr. Ashley did not reply.

A sudden pain passed over his features.

"It was an enmity that brought woe to many," he said.

"But let it rest now, Helena.

"It is a subject that I do not like to dwell on," he added, as he left the room abruptly.

"I am very sorry that there should happen to be any likeness between the picture and my plain face," said Barbara, looking deprecatingly at Mrs. Cowan; "it seems so painful to Mr. Ashley."

"Nonsense, child!" said the lady, fretfully.

"One would think that Sidney had been ill instead of me; he is so nervous and foolish when anything connected with his family is referred to.

"It is very absurd.

"But I can't talk any more; I am quite worn out with the scene; any agitation is so bad for me."

Claudia's lip curled in undisguised contempt, which she took small pains to conceal under the proud turn of her head to another part of the room.

"It is well," said the invalid—"yes, very well.

"I prefer candor to deceit, though there might be a decent decorum observed to a benefactor's near relative.

"Take care, vain, heartless girl!

"You are not mistress yet of Ashley Court, nor of its master either."

"Nor have I any wish to be," said the girl bitterly; "at least if it entailed slavery to every whim and caprice of those who have no shadow of right over me."

As she spoke, Claudia hastily left the room, tears of indignant mortification rushing into her eyes.

As she was passing along the gallery, a kindly, firm hand was laid on her arm, and her guardian's voice gently inquired the cause of her abrupt departure from the room he had just left.

"Did you want me, dear girl?" he said, in soft, loverlike tones.

"You know I am ever at your disposal, Claudia, unless compelled to leave you." He then led her into a small library, which he often used as a private room.

"My Claudia—tears!" he continued.

"What has distressed you, dearest?

"Surely not my foolish weakness?"

Falsehood was not among the faults of Claudia's impetuous, ungoverned nature, or she might have availed herself of so winning a pretext to account for her agitation.

"It was your aunt's unkind taunts," she replied.

"Oh, Mr. Ashley, I cannot, orphan and dependent as I am, endure such degrading injustice.

"Let me leave your house at once, or protect me from such cruel insinuations!"

Her tone was so touchingly sad, her lips were quivering so timidly, her eyes were so soft, and yet bright in the crystal tears that stood in them, that Sidney would have been more than man had he resisted the impulse to draw her to his bosom, to kiss those dear cheeks and trembling lips, to whisper words of love and sympathy.

"My darling," said he, "give me but the right to guard you from every unkindness, from every breath and scandal—only try to love me, and your life shall be one of sunshine."

Claudia listened to the glowing words, spoken in the touching tones so peculiar to Sidney in his moments of deep emotion; she glanced shyly at the noble face bent over with that thrilling expression of manly, protecting tenderness, and the memory of her handsome lover, for the moment, faded before the present tempting reality.

"You would repent," she said, with a touch of more genuine humility than she had often indulged.

"I am not worthy of you; I am no equal of yours, Mr. Ashley, and you would despise me when the first dream of love and romantic pity had passed.

"I dare not; Barbara is far more akin to you than I am."

Sidney Ashley suddenly started.

Again that name in connection with his own, and from Claudia's lips!

Mrs. Cowan had more than once warned him of the fact; his own higher faculties had ever sprung out involuntarily to the unknown orphan for sympathy and congenial comprehension; and now, the object of his love, the beautiful image of his lost Edith, brought that same idea before him at a very moment when his own gushing tenderness and her softening emotion appeared so favorable to the crisis of his hopes.

The coincidence startled, even annoyed him.

Why should all conspire to thwart his love-dream, to bring the reality of prosaic fitness and worth before his mind at so inopportune a moment?

The pride and self-reliance of his nature forced his feelings and actions in an opposite direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THERE is always room at the top," said the hotel clerk with a sardonic grin, as he sent the weary guest up to the ninth story.

Scientific and Useful.

INSULITE.—Gutta-percha, glass, stoneware, silk, and ebonite have been used for insulating electricity upon wires, but a new material is called insulite. It is prepared by a secret process from wood, sawdust, cotton waste, water-pulp, and other fibrous materials. It is impervious alike to damp and acids; it can be easily moulded to any form, or cut to any pattern; so that it is available not only for coating wires, but for making battery jars, telegraph insulators, or frames for electric apparatus.

ELECTRICITY AND BEES.—Among the many unexpected developments of electrical science is an application in the hiving of bees when they swarm, successfully tried by German experimenters. It was thought that by using the electric force the bees might be stupefied for the necessary period of time without being injured, and the result proved the correctness of the idea. By introducing the ends of two connecting wires into a fully-occupied honeycomb and turning on the current, the bees were rendered inactive for about thirty minutes, while no bad results appeared to follow their awakening.

SEA-WEED LEATHER.—A French chemist has succeeded in extracting from sea-weed a composition like starch and sugar, which is well adapted for manufacturing artificial leather and transparent materials. The sea-weed after being washed in pure water, or water impregnated with lime or potash, is dried, then pounded, and treated in a conical boiler to a bath of steam or hot water. A soluble substance is thus extracted, and the residue on cooling assumes a gelatinous or leathery consistency. Sea-weed is an abundant and cheap commodity, but its uses have hitherto been few.

NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPER.—The list of vegetable materials from which paper may be made increases yearly. Straw of all kinds—wheat, rice, and flax—has been brought into service; attempts have been made to utilize the fibres of leaves and such presumedly unpromising material as the refuse of sugar-cane, when all the sugar has been extracted; wood has been tried with more or less success; but perhaps the most satisfactory results have attended the use of various grasses. And now a new grass—the Elephant grass of British Burmah, bids fair to prove of value. A quantity of the dried grass, after being boiled in caustic soda and bleached, has been made into paper, with fairly satisfactory results.

THE VOCALION.—Vocalion is the name given to a new musical instrument. It resembles a small organ in form, and is constructed so as to approximate in tone to the human voice. Some patterns have one keyboard, others two, with accompanying pedals. The sound is caused by the blast from a bellow s impinging on parallel bands of brass, of which there are sometimes three to each note. The sound is still further enriched and regulated by metal ligatures attached to the bands, and capable of being constrained. The likeness to the human voice is also assisted by the form given to the resonant cavities and mouthpieces from which the notes are emitted. The tone has a peculiar sweetness and pathos, which grows upon the listener, and is particularly adapted to sacred music.

Farm and Garden.

COMPOST.—Compost heaps are in order now, and, in making them, remember that potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid are great fertilizers.

TURNIPS.—When turnips placed in the cellar begin to sprout they are usually thrown away, but a bushel of turnips will furnish a family with salad all winter, and very good one if properly prepared. Place the bushel of turnips in a dark, warm cellar to sprout, and when the sprouts are three or four inches long cut them off; pick the leaves from the stems and pour on hot water a moment; place the sprouts in the colander to drain off all the water, and send to table with a plain dressing poured over them.

THE CUT-WORM.—The best method of exterminating them is to take the course described by a correspondent, of searching for them wherever there is a suspicion that they may be lurking, and destroying them when found. Another means is to trap the moths by lights in the garden at night; a barrel tarred around the inside can have a light set in it, around which the moths will flutter, until they happen to touch the sticky sides, where they will be held. Another device is to suspend a lantern over a wide, shallow dish of kerosene or other oil, into which the insects will eventually drop.

GOLD AND SAND.—A novel apparatus for separating gold from sand was recently completed and tested in this country. It is intended for use in the placer regions of the West, Mexico, and Central America, where gold-bearing sand is found at a distance from water sufficient for hydraulic mining. The machine is about five feet in diameter, and is arranged to throw the sand by centrifugal force against a wall of mercury, maintained in position by centrifugal action. In this way, it is claimed, every particle of gold is brought in contact with the mercury and amalgamated, while the sand is blown away by the means of an air-blast. The machine is said to clean a ton of sand in twenty minutes, and to be so thorough in its operation as to make it possible to work over with profit the tailing of mines worked by other systems. The power required to operate the machine is not given.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT 30, 1882.

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IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Nature, no one needs to be told, often shams freaks and vagaries; and perhaps not the least noticeable among them is the persistent way in which she misplaces people. It is certainly no abuse to be forcibly put down, no wrong to man, woman, or child, for present or future ages to right; yet it is an evil, and a great one.

Who cannot recall among his friends and acquaintances the worthy good fellow who, in his right place, let us say in the capacity of friend or brother, or, better still, of husband, would have made one in a thousand. Good-intentioned, honest as the day, guileless as a child; but how does he come to be the husband of that clever, intolerant wife of his? What did she take him for? If she wanted him so that he might carry her shawls for her, a footman would have done as well; if to look in sometimes or lounge in the drawing-room while she receives her friends or admirers, a female companion would have answered the purpose. To break that big soft, simple heart of his could scarcely have been her object, but whether or no, that doubtfully-desirable end will be attained in time.

Another case which we all know well is of the humdrum wife tied to the man who develops advanced views, and has a knack of getting on. They started their race tolerably evenly matched, but while he has rapidly gained strength on the road, she has halted almost from the beginning. They are no happy couple, yet who is wrong? She is not, he is not, nor do they belong to the "misunderstood" tribe. He understood her and their position well enough; she poor thing, also sees how it all is with them, and only too well. Somewhere there is the right place for her, but she is not in it. There are men who would have taken her under their arm and kept in step with her their life through; perhaps they live alone, perhaps they do not fit their niches. If life's scramble they somehow missed them, and so did she.

Not alone, however, in the married state does one find these misfits. A seventh son comes where a daughter would have been the apple of the parents' eyes; somewhere else is a girl—an only child, where an heir is longingly desired; she is loved, but never quite forgiven for not being a boy.

In another family circle one sees a boy of slow intelligence, not a dunce by any means, but his brethren are exceptionally gifted, and beside them he seems to have duller brains than in truth he has. He is not made of the stuff that will make a prime-minister, nor does he develop a talent for science; no great invention of his will startle the world, nor will his imagination break forth into poetry to gladden and adorn his century. Yet, as years go by, he becomes an averagely endowed man. Possibly he brings his saddened spirit into the church, and perhaps owes to his early persecution the heart-touching sermons which he is able to preach. Until then he was ever in "the wrong place;" yet if others gain by his loss he may come to think it a little reparation.

Luck, accident, wealth, have each and all been the lever which has lifted many a [illegible] woman to his or her proper pedestal [illegible]istory of all kinds and all nations tells us this, and, most of all, history of art. Had it not been for these friendly aims many a human nightingale would have been lost to us, and Giotto might have died a shepherd. But this comes seldom—so seldom as to render it a complete exception to the rule. These freaks of nature, however, with which we have been dealing, as already implied, sadden and trouble us who are lookers-on more than those concerned, and we know it to be proverbial that they who see the most are generally in that capacity.

This knowledge mitigates the evil, and to it we may add another consoling reflection. Perhaps in the future some of these may come to understand how it was with them in the past, and so others who might be placed as they were once placed, will not find themselves out of reach of a helping hand.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE wearing of jewelry is going out of fashion in England. It is regarded as vulgar to be seen with a display of jewels, unless it be on great occasions.

—

THE Kentucky Penitentiary numbers among its inmates ten children under the age of fifteen. These children associate, as do the other prisoners, with the abandoned and the vicious.

—

SENATOR HILL'S physicians have said that the cancer which killed him was caused by tobacco. He had a habit of holding a cigar almost constantly in his mouth, and keeping the nicotine-coated end against the left side of his tongue.

—

NEW ORLEANS claims to lead in rose-growing. There may be seen in that city a Lamarque rose vine with a stem over eight inches thick. In some private gardens are one hundred varieties. The favorite rose is the Gold of Ophir. It is small, of very pale pink, shading toward the heart into deep rich gold color, while faint streaks of crimson touch the outer petals.

—

FROM New Zealand has been shipped to England a quantity of preserved rabbits, estimated to weigh some fifty tons. The rabbits are packed in tins holding two pounds each, and thirty-six tins make a case—that is, seventy-two pounds. The supply of rabbits appears to be almost inexhaustible. The average quantity delivered per day is 5,000. On one occasion recently 9,000 were delivered in a day.

—

YOUNG ladies having shown a desire to make palmistry the next sensational folly, London *Truth* calls attention to an unrepealed act of Parliament which imposes on all who go about practicing the art, the penalty of being scourged, having the ears cropped, and being placed in the pillory.

—

A CANARY belonging to a lady in Dubuque, on being given its liberty in a room one day, flew to the mantel, whereupon was a mirror. Thinking he had found a mate, he went back to his cage and brought a seed to offer to the stranger. Getting no satisfactory reply, he poured forth his sweet notes, pausing now and then to watch the effect. Finally he went back to his perch, and, with head hanging, remained silent the rest of the day.

—

A SENSIBLE musical copyright act just passed by the English Parliament, requires the proprietor of copyright music to print on the title page of every published copy an announcement that the right of public performance is reserved, and failure to do so is regarded as an abandonment of the right. Heretofore public singers have been at a loss to know what liabilities they might be incurring by singing songs, even at charity benefits, which lacked a copyright mark.

—

IN view of the myriads of human beings which have lived in China from time immemorial, scientists say that every ounce of soil must have passed through the bodies of human beings in that empire not only once, but hundreds of times. China is a densely populated country, and its records are very, very ancient. If all born were still alive, they would cover the country completely and extend miles into the air. It is a suggestive idea that the soil of every populous country must represent the myriads of animated beings who once lived and loved.

—

FOR their first passenger service between London and Liverpool, the London and Northwestern Railway Company has just placed upon its line some drawing-room cars of a new and elegant pattern. They contain separate apartments for family parties, with a boudoir for ladies, having toilet accommodations and heaters, besides compartments for smokers and for baggage. Electric communication exists with an attendant, who is able to prepare tea, coffee, and other refreshments on board. Seats can be secured in advance, and there is no charge beyond the ordinary first-class fare.

—

IT is not probable that any movement in American cities for the erection of buildings in French flats for middle-class residences will ever arise to the height attained in London, where the public authorities have been obliged to limit the number of stories to thirteen in each building. Still there are obvious advantages for the occupants of the higher stories of such edifices that are not to be disregarded. Chief among these, of course, is the remoteness from disturbance by the confusion, din and noise of the public streets, which to persons of nervous temperaments and studious habits is a decided blessing.

—

THE right of a railroad company to prescribe the exact manner in which a passenger shall pay his fare is to be tested in a Buffalo lawsuit. A man boarded a train on the Michigan Southern line, and was ejected by the conductor, although he tendered the price of his ride in money, and he has sued for damages. Railroad managers who would adopt such a rule must have queer ideas of economy, since it would of course impose upon them the duty of opening ticket offices and employing agents at the most insignificant stations; and if, as sometimes happens, their agent waited until a coming train was in sight before opening his window to a crowd of passengers, there might be further trouble for his employers.

—

THE use of steel for ship-building is rapidly increasing, and the success the superior metal is meeting with is astonishing even its boldest advocates. It is stated by some prominent ship-builders that on account of the decreased weight required in steel substituted for iron, and the consequently greater floating power that can be obtained in a steel vessel over one of iron of the same size and shape, that it is more economical to build a ship of steel than of iron, even if the former metal costs 30 per cent. more than the latter. Such, however, is the wonderful development of the steel industry within the past five years, that it is probable that within a very few years the price of steel ship-plates will be no greater per pound than iron plates.

—

THE tallow tree, or, as it is sometimes called, the "candle tree," a native of China, which for a century or more has been used as a popular shade tree in the principal cities of the Southern States along the coast, is now creating some attention in California, as it is thought that tallow can be obtained from these trees cheaper than the illuminating oils at present used in light-houses and elsewhere. In its native country the seeds and pods of the tree are bruised and then boiled, causing a kind of tallow to rise to the surface, which is much used in the manufacture of candles. The colored candles used in the decoration of our Christmas trees are said to be made from this wax.

ALL rivers, large or small, agree in one character—they like to lean a little on one side. They cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow, foolish and childlike, and another steep shore under which they can pause and purify themselves and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their lives for play, and another for work, and can be brilliant, chattering and transparent when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to the main purpose.

—

LEGISLATION which facilitates divorce has been reduced almost to an exact science by lawmakers in New England. Social morality is flouted there by the legalizing of a principle which differs rather in degree than in kind from the fundamental doctrines of Mormonism. It seems strange, indeed, that communities where the stoutest advocates of morality in general, and the bitterest foes of intemperance are found in immense majorities, should entertain the loosest of notions regarding the marriage tie. Curious students of social science have found an explanation of this in the powerful influence exerted on the early Puritans by John Milton, who did not scruple in his famous, but now almost forgotten, tract on divorce to place liberty above law, and to claim a divine origin for the right to make marriage a civil contract, terminable at the pleasure of the jury. It is certain that these views of Milton are practically exemplified in New England to an appalling extent, and have in large measure become embedded in the organic law of most of the Eastern States.

—

THE Universal Union of Masters of the Culinary Art—a Parisian society which, though only founded six months ago, is said to number already 1,195 members in various parts of the world—have held a meeting in Paris for the purpose of discussing "professional questions," and other matters more directly affecting the interests of the new association. After the conclusion of the formal business, the President directed the attention of the meeting to the importance of the culinary art in civilized communities, reminding them that it could boast of writers, its poets, and even its martyrs, and contending that its influences upon the affairs and the progress of humanity are incontestable. Finally a committee was elected of ten members, charged with the duty of preparing a project for a professional school of cookery for Paris, as well as a plan for a grand culinary exhibition, to take place probably during the first part of next month. A flag, intended, it was stated, to serve as a rallying symbol for all the cooks of the capital, was presented to the Union at the meeting by the chef of the well-known Cafe de Paris.

TO-DAY.

BY RITA.

Why do we tune our hearts to sorrow
When all around is bright and gay,
And let the gloom of sun to-morrow
Eclipse the gladness of to-day.

When Summer's sun is on us shining,
And flooding all the land with light,
Why do we waste our time repining,
That near and nearer creeps the night?

We teach ourselves with scornful sadness
That it is vain to seek for bliss—
There is no time for glee and gladness
In such a weary world as this.

The snare of doubting thoughts has caught us,
And we to grim forebodings yield,
And fail to learn the lesson taught us
By all the lilies of the field.

They take no thought for each to-morrow,
They never dream of doubt or sin,
They fear no dim forthcoming shadow,
"They toil not—neither do they spin."

Yet still they tell the same old story
To us who crave in vain for ease,
That "Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of these."

Paramarta the Simple.

BY ANNA GALLAGER.

THERE was formerly a Gouron, called Paramarta, or the Simple, who had five stupid disciples.

One day, as the Gouron was visiting his district, he and his disciples arrived at a river, which they were about to cross, when Paramarta cautioned them not to advance till they should ascertain whether the river was asleep or awake, as many tragic accidents had befallen those who had attempted to ford the stream when it was in a stagnant state.

One of his disciples, called Stupid, was sent forward in order to reconnoitre.

He approached the stream cautiously, and thrusting in the lighted end of his cheroot, was alarmed to find the water bubble and hiss furiously.

Alarmed at the phenomenon, he hastened back to his master and brethren, and informed them of what he had seen, and they determined to rest themselves in the shade until the river should become quiet.

After a long delay, the party saw a man on horseback cross the river without difficulty, and Stupid was again sent to the water's edge to make, for a second time, his experiment in natural philosophy.

This wise disciple, taking the same cheroot which the water had already extinguished, plunged it into the stream, but as no hissing followed, he concluded that the river was asleep.

Paramarta and his disciples then crossed the river.

Arriving at the other side, one of them, named Idiot, took it into his head to count the party, lest any of them should have been drowned; but he forgot to count himself.

Alarmed at the result of his profound calculation, he counted again and again, but as he still left himself out of his reckoning, he was convinced that one of the number had been drowned.

This belief was shared by Paramarta and the other disciples, who, after uttering the loudest lamentations, prayed that its waters might be set on fire.

A traveler happening to pass that way, and witnessing this scene, asked what it all meant; and they detailed the affair at full length.

The traveler, seeing their excessive stupidity, and resolving to take advantage of it, professed to be a sorcerer, and offered, for an adequate reward, to restore, by his charms, the lost one to life.

Paramarta assured him that he only possessed forty *fanous* of gold, which he offered him on condition he would restore the lost member to life.

The pretended magician observed that the sum was very disproportionate to the service required; but he would accept it, nevertheless.

He then showed the group a huge stick, which he held in his hand.

"All my magic power," said he, "lies in this stick, and it is from the end of this enchanted wand that the missing member must issue forth.

"You must range yourselves in a line, and each of you must allow me to apply a good blow with this stick upon his shoulders.

"On receiving the stroke, each must call out his name; at the same time I will count your number, and finally there will appear on the scene six persons—the number that there was before you crossed the river."

He then made them stand in a line, and beginning with the Gouron, he laid on his shoulder a stiff blow with his magic wand.

"Gently!" cried the patient; "it is I, the Gouron Paramarta!"

"One!" said the magician, and then gave Stupid a still harder blow on the back.

"Oh," cried he, "my back is broken! It is I, the disciple Stupid!"

"Two!" cried the magician.

And applying smart strokes to the shoulders of the next three, he arrived at Idiot, who had made the erroneous calculation.

The sorcerer gave him a heavy blow, which laid him flat on the ground.

"There," said he, "is the sixth, the lost one, whom I restore to you in perfect health!"

Paramarta and his disciples, fully convinced of the wonderful powers of the traveller's magic wand, paid him the forty *fanous* agreed upon; and without intimating the slightest wish that he should repeat the calculation thanked him, and returned to their *mata* (convent.)

The sight of his horse on which the traveler crossed the river had inspired the disciples of Paramarta with a strong desire to procure one for their Gouron.

The cow, which supplied the convent with milk, happened, one morning, to stray, and one of the disciples, called Dunce, was despatched in search of her, but without success.

"However," said he, "the loss of the cow is a very trifling affair in comparison with a discovery I have made—namely, that for a small sum of money I can obtain a horse of an excellent breed."

On being asked to explain, thus spoke Dunce—

"In looking for a cow I had occasion to pass a tank, around which some mares and foals were grazing.

"I there saw a great number of heavy round bodies of a greenish color"—it may be here stated that they were pumpkins—"so large, that one was a sufficient load for a man.

"After gazing on them for some time, I inquired of a laborer what they were.

"'What!' exclaimed he, as if surprised at my ignorance; 'don't you know the name of so common an article?

"'They are mares' eggs!'

"'Are they for sale?

"'What is the price of them?' I eagerly asked.

"'They are not mine,' replied he; 'but I can tell you they are generally sold for about ten dollars a-piece; and if you like I will use my interest with the proprietor to let you have one of the largest at that price.'

"Now," said Dunce in conclusion, "here is a fine opportunity for you to get a capital horse, which, as you have it in the egg, you can bring up to be very quiet."

The account of Dunce was listened to by the disciples with applause, and Paramarta gave him ten dollars, and sent him for the egg.

On arriving at the tank, Dunce was delighted to find the eggs were still there, and began to bargain for one of the largest.

"Ah!" cried the proprietor, "are you aware that my eggs are of a very peculiar quality?"

"Oh!" replied Dunce, "it is not the first time that I have bargained for mares' eggs; I know the price of them well.

"They are sold everywhere for ten dollars a-piece."

"Ten dollars!" rejoined the proprietor.

"I sell them in general infinitely dearer; however, as you seem to be an honest fellow, I'll let you have one at that price, but you must keep the matter a profound secret, for I should be ruined if it were ever known that I sold them so cheap."

Dunce, having promised inviolable secrecy, was allowed to carry off one of the largest pumpkins, which with great difficulty he lifted on his head.

He then hastened homewards; but in passing under a tree, he forgot to stoop, and the pumpkin striking under a bough, Dunce lost his balance, and fell with the pumpkin, which split into pieces.

A hare, which happened to be lurking in a bush near where the pumpkin fell, frightened by the noise, scudded off instantly; and Dunce, seeing his egg split, and the hare run at the same moment, cried out—

"Ah! there goes the little horse out of its shell!

"I must pursue him!"

Dunce followed in ardent chase, till at last his failing strength obliged him to abandon the pursuit.

On returning to the convent, he was thus consoled by the Gouron:

"It is true I have lost ten dollars; but I don't regret it, for, the little horse being so restive when young, what would he have been when he got his teeth?

"I would not have mounted such an animal if I had got him for nothing; so think no more about the matter, my son."

Having been so unlucky in their horse, the disciples hired an ox for their master to ride on.

But it happened one day that, in crossing a desert, Paramarta, overcome by the heat of the sun, was compelled to rest himself under the shadow of the ox's body.

In the evening, the owner of the ox demanded an additional sum for the use they had made of his ox, pretending that he was only to be mounted, and not to be used as an umbrella.

The Paramarta refused to pay, and the dispute was referred to the chief of a neighboring village, who related the following adventure:

"I was myself on a journey some years ago, and one evening I arrived at an inn where I intended to pass the night.

"This inn offered not only a place of repose, but also in the keeper of it travelers found a person who, for their money, volunteered to cook their victuals.

"He was then preparing a ragout, which was so well seasoned that the perfume filled the room, and was highly agreeable.

"I should have been glad to eat part of it; but not having money to pay for it, I could not satisfy my longing.

"I had brought with me my little portion of boiled rice, and approached the fireplace where the ragout was preparing, I begged the cook to allow me to hold my bag of rice in the fragrant steam, in order that it might catch some of the odor, as I could not afford to pay for the substance.

"The cook, with more complaisance than generally belongs to his class, granted my request.

"I accordingly held my rice over the steam of the ragout until it was withdrawn from the fire.

"I then retired to a corner and ate my rice, which, though it had only been seasoned by vapor, appeared to me delicious.

"Next morning, when I was about to proceed on my journey, the innkeeper stopped me, and in a determined tone insisted on my paying him for the vapors of his ragout with which I had seasoned my rice.

"'What?' cried I, with equal astonishment and indignation.

"'Did ever anyone hear of paying money for smoke?'

"I refused to comply with his demand; and my adversary, seizing me by the collar, declared he would not loose his hold, till I had paid him for the steam of his ragout.

"I still refused; but at last we agreed to refer our dispute to the chief of the village, a person renowned for his integrity.

"This worthy man gave his decision on the point in the following terms:

"'Those who ate of the ragout shall pay in hard cash; those who have only swallowed the vapor of it shall only pay with the smell of money.'

"Then taking a small bag of money which he had about him, he approached my adversary, and seizing him with one hand by the nap of the neck, he rubbed his nose roughly with the coin, saying—

"'Smell it, my good friend — smell it!

"'Take payment for the odor of your ragout.'

"'Enough—enough!' cried my adversary.

"'You'll rub my nose off.

"'I'm quite satisfied, and am ready to give a receipt in full.'"

It is scarcely necessary to add that the Gouron's affair was settled in the same manner.

After this disappointment in the mare's egg and the roguery of the owner of the ox, Paramarta and his disciples resolved to travel on foot, the latter, however, still longing for a horse for the Gouron.

Early one morning they came to a spot close to a tank near which a temple was built, and in front of the temple stood the image of a horse in baked clay, which, the tank being quite full of clear water, was perfectly reflected at the bottom.

It may be mentioned here parenthetically that figures of horses and other animals in baked clay are very commonly found about the Indian temples.

They are generally offerings for the accomplishment of some vow.

Idiot, who was nearest the water, gazed at the figure in silence and wonder; and as he gazed, a breeze arose which agitated the water, and the figure of the horse seemed also to move.

Idiot, observing that the clay-horse remained motionless, whilst in the water it began to plunge and rear, felt convinced that the reflection was a real horse.

To make quite sure of the matter, he threw a large stone into the tank, which agitated the water still more, and made the supposed horse rear, caper, and manifest other tokens of restiveness.

Idiot called Paramarta and the other disciples to witness the scene; and each of them seeing how the horse in the water reared, whilst the clay-horse on land stood quite still, agreed as Idiot did, and forthwith consulted the one with the other as to the best method which could be adopted to catch him.

As none of them would venture into the water to bind him with ropes, it was agreed that he should be fished up with hook and line.

For a hook they took a large reaping hook, and they formed their line of the half-worn linen of the Gouron's turban, and for a bait they wrapped some boiled rice up in a cloth, which they fastened to the hook.

They then threw it into the water, to the bottom of which it sank, and the hook caught the root of a tree which crossed the tank.

Feeling some resistance, the disciples fancied they had caught the horse, and pulled with all their force to bring him to land, when the turban, yielding to their efforts, snapped in the middle, and all our fishermen tumbled backwards, head over heels, leaving their hook at the bottom of the tank.

A worthy man who happened to pass, and to whom they recounted their adventure, explained to them the cause of the phenomenon they had witnessed; and after inviting them to his house, presented the Gouron with a horse, of which the following is a description

He was twenty-five years old, he had but one eye, and one of his ears had been cut off close to his head; but these would have been but slight defects had he he not been lame in one of his forelegs, while the hind feet were turned outwards.

On this noble steed Paramaria prepared to ride homewards, but missing their way, the *cortege* got into a wood.

As they advanced, a branch caught the Gouron's turban, which fell on the ground.

A short time afterwards, the Gouron asked for his turban.

"Oh," said the disciples, "we left it on the ground, as you gave us no orders to pick it up."

"Go quickly," said the Gouron, angrily, "and fetch it me; and, once for all, I desire that you pick up whatever falls from the horse that ought to be picked up."

"Oh!" cried they, "that is far too general a description; you must give us a detailed list."

Accordingly, the Gouron wrote out a list, and gave to them, after which he pursued his journey.

On arriving at a ditch full of mud, Paramarta's horse, being unable to clear it, fell, carrying his rider with him.

The Gouron called loudly for his disciples to aid him; they came, but instead of pulling him out of the wet ditch, one of them read the Gouron's list aloud, thus:

"If my turban falls, you must pick it up.

"If my girdle falls, you must pick it up.

"If my shawl falls, you must pick it up.

"In a word, if any of my vestments, or whatever I carry about me, falls, you must pick it up."

Conforming strictly to the letter of their instructions, the disciples then stripped the Gouron quite naked, leaving him in the mud, declaring his name was not in the list he had given them.

Paramarta, therefore, finding entreaty useless, asked for the list, and wrote at the bottom of it, in large letters—

"And if your master, the Gouron Paramarta, falls, you must pick him up."

The disciples then made no further difficulty, but lifted Paramarta out of the ditch, washed him in a neighboring tank, and returned to their *mata*.

We may add, that the Gouron, on his arrival at the convent, became sick and died; but the details of that event, though very touching, we will spare the reader.

Winning a Wife.

BY F. C. BERRETTA.

ACTORS, as a rule, are free-hearted, generous, and little inclined to look on the dark side of the picture.

They smile at misfortune, make merry in sorrow, and laugh when the heart is the saddest.

They may not be happy, but they appear to be, and that is a good deal.

This sentiment was given to me by "Lucky Fred Ware," as he was called by friends, a generous young fellow, who had seen more than his share of service in the profession.

"But that isn't telling me how you won your wife," I said, knowing something of the past history of the couple; "you found her in Arkansas, I believe?"

"Well, yes; found her, though she wasn't lost.

"There are some very good people there.

"For one man—that is, her father—owned nearly half of the country, and Bettie—that is my wife—has had every advantage in the world to make a fine lady of herself.

"From her tenth year up to the time I met her, seven years, she was at school, off and on, and what she didn't learn about books in that time isn't worth knowing.

"But you want to know how I came to marry her, and though it is sort of a give-away to myself, I'll tell it.

"You see, I didn't understand the ropes then as well as I do now, and it was about my first trip with a regular company, and there wasn't very much regular about them either.

"They were a pick-up crowd, and called themselves the 'Dashaway Combination,' but why 'Dashaway' I never could tell, unless it was they understood how to dash away from the delinquent board bills, and other current expenses of a traveling show.

"Well, we started, and gave a rattling show for awhile; now and then we would pick up considerably more than enough to pay our expenses, and then again we would get down below bed-rock, and no chance of pulling through without assistance.

"Once I thought we were gone sure.

"It was in Springfield, and we had played there two nights, and were making nothing; then came the usual pests of a traveling show, impatient landlords, inconsiderate washer-women, and howling agents, and we were on the eve of annihilation when there came to us a protecting angel.

"It wasn't a very handsome angel, but an angel all the same, of the male persuasion, with plenty of money.

"He wanted to become an actor; he was stage struck completely, and we encouraged him in it; it would cost him sixty dollars.

"Did he have it?

"Yes, twice sixty, and he shelled it out at once, and we were saved.

"I need not tell you what sort of an actor he made, and will only add that three weeks following this addition to our force the 'Dashaway Combination' went to pieces at a little town in Missouri, not far from the Arkansas line.

"I don't know what became of the rest of the crowd, but all that remained of the jolly Dashaways was Jack Masterman, a superb banjo player and myself, and neither of us had either money or friends.

"'And we are left to settle the bills,' said Jack, mournfully, looking at me as if for an opinion.

"'I suppose so,' I replied; 'and it will take about all the property belonging to the crowd.'

"Jack felt in his pocket and procured a silver piece with a hole in it.

"I thought he was going to contribute his share toward paying our indebtedness, but he didn't; he coolly asked me to have a cigar.

"'It's the extent of my pile,' he said, 'and we may as well get rid of it in smoke as any other way.'

"While we were smoking we philosophised.

"What should we do?

"Jack solved the problem.

"'Let's go to Little Rock.'

"'How far is it?'

"'One hundred and eighty miles, maybe further.

"'There is some business for us there, or, at least, we may strike something.

"'Here there is nothing.'

"'How shall we go?'

"'Afoot.'

"'Lord help us.

"'You don't mean it?'

"'Yes I do; let me see, twenty miles a day; one hundred and eighty miles; we can make it in nine days.'

"It didn't seem so very absurd after all, and the more I thought of it the more favorable the proposition struck me.

"At last I said I would go.

"So we turned over all the valuables we had, including musical instruments, stage traps, etc., to our creditors, and with a sum less than ten dollars in very hard cash, started out.

"One thing I must tell you before I go any farther.

"Jack and I were dressed just alike.

"Both had on light suits and white hats, of the style worn in cities, but totally unknown in the south-west.

"I expect we looked odd enough; at any rate we were stared at most outrageously on all sides as we went along.

"More than that, the people were suspicious of us; they would apparently lock everything when we came around, didn't seem to give us credit for honesty or anything else.

"Well, we crossed White River, which is a sort of boundary line between Missouri and Arkansas, and took a line, as near as we could make it, for Little Rock.

"The country is very sparsely settled in that portion of the state, and rugged is no name for it.

"Once in a great while there is a frame house to be seen, but a majority of the houses are of logs, and altogether very unsightly affairs.

"'Did you hear that a man was murdered the night before last up on the river?' was the question put to us the second night after we had crossed the Missouri line, by an old fellow in whose cabin we had stopped to pass the night.

"'No, we hain't heard of it,' I replied.

"'Well, it is so; head cut clear off; man as dead as a stone.

"'Have you any idea where the chaps are that did it?'

"It struck me as I replied to this, of course negatively, that there was trouble ahead for Jack and me: we might be taken for the murderers.

"Why not?

"We got out the next morning with the rising sun, and for the next three days scarcely stopped to sleep.

"We were anxious to get out of that awful country.

"Our clothes gave us away; the people weren't used to much style.

"We hurried on.

"Finally, one day in the early evening, we heard behind us the clattering of horses' hoofs; we halted, and standing by the roadside, waited to see who the horsemen might be.

"They rode up, two desperate-looking fellows, and with drawn pistols, ordered us to surrender.

"It was about the best thing we could do under the circumstances, and we therefore complied at once.

"Then they searched us, after which one of them said, as he had examined a razor he had taken from Jack's pocket.

"'You killed him with this, did you?' he asked.

"'Killed who? what do you mean?' cried Jack.

"The villians only laughed, and ordered us to turn about and move on.

"'Where are you going to take us?' I asked.

"'Back to White River,' was the reply.

"'You two are wanted there for killing a fellow.'

"It was all as plain as day now.

"But what could we do?

"We were quite sure they would kill us before we were half way there.

"They claimed to be officers of the law, and showed papers to prove it.

"But had they any right to arrest us?

"It doesn't matter; might makes right, in some places, and that is where they had us.

"But one thing we could demand.

"We requested a hearing before a justice of the peace, and that, too, at once.

"'Well, there's Squire Jackson over there,' said a native whom we had appealed to; 'I reckon he can fix you.'

"We were taken there at once, and found the squire at home, and a very comfortable home it was, too.

"It was not a house built of logs, but a large stone structure, long and rambling, with pretty vines in front and a general air of wealth and refinement pervading the place.

"The door of the house was closed, but as we came up it opened suddenly, and a young lady of sixteen or seventeen summers looked out.

"Involuntarily I lifted my hat: I couldn't help it, she looked so pretty and innocent; we stepped in, and then our wants were made known.

"The young lady did not leave the room, and I soon discovered that she was the daughter of the squire before whom we were to appear.

"Well, the examination commenced, and Jack and I were questioned closely, and the situations were against us.

"The old squire wasn't particularly full of legal lore, and like his neighbors, had an idea that we deserved punishment on general principles.

"All the while we were being examined the young girl stayed in the room, half the time bending over her father's shoulder, and watching us very closely.

"Once I thought she gave me a smile, and thereupon it rushed through my mind that maybe she would influence her father to let us go.

"'I reckon I can't do anything for you,' at last said the old man.

"'These officers have a legal right to take you back to where the murder was committed, and I reckon you will have to go.'

"The villians who had hunted us down seemed pleased with this decision, but just as they were about to take us away, the young girl said this to her father—

"'Why I know more about law then you do, father.'

"'Do you?' laughed the old man.

"'Why?'

"The girl explained—

"'The murder was committed in the State of Missouri,' she said.

"'Yes,' replied the old man.

"'And these men are officers from that State?'

"'Just so.'

"Then how can they come into another State and take persons away without a requisition from the governor?

"'These men are not legally bound to go with them one step.'

"I own it came to me as a surprise.

"The little girl had interpreted the law aright, and the old squire saw it at once.

"I think I never saw a madder man in my life.

"He stormed and raved and fairly drove the Missouri officers out of the house.

"'Fellows,' he said, 'it is all right and you can stay with me as long as you like, and if they come after you again we will barricade the doors and fight them with shot guns.

"'It's me that's talking, and don't you forget it.'

"Well, we stayed two weeks with the old squire, and while Jack and he roamed the mountains hunting deer, I passed the time looking after the interests of the female member of the Jackson mansion, pretty Miss Bettie.

"Finally Jack and I got down to Little Rock, where we found employment.

"But I didn't stay long there; I felt uneasy, and I never got over this uneasy feeling until I had gone back and got the old squire to say I might marry his daughter.

"He didn't reply directly when I asked him, but, seizing his rifle, whispered, as he walked out of the door—

"'I'll just go and see if I can kill a turkey gobbler for dinner.'

"And he walked away brushing his eyes with his coat sleeve.

The Silver Florin.

BY ANNA GALLAGER.

"MARRIED?" said Mitty Vale, despondently.

"Yes; but I shall never be married!"

"Why not?" asked Kate Kingsley.

It was the golden flush of a June day.

The two girls were leaning over an old stone wall, in one of those lovely nooks that far outvie the Swiss valleys of which travelers rave.

Mitty was the farmer's daughter, black-eyed and piquant, with a complexion of gipsy-brown—curly dark hair, which would puff on one side like a boy's—and rosy mouth, all stained with the juice of the fragrant strawberries that she was gathering.

She wore a cambric skirt, a dark-blue serge, with a sailor collar, and flat bow of black ribbon, and one of her father's huge flapping straw hats was pulled down to keep the sun out of her eyes; while Miss Kingsley, the pretty girl who was at Hodge Farm by the doctor's orders, to drink new milk, eat fresh fruit, and breathe in the smell of freshly mown hay, sat close beneath the wall, daintily selecting the largest and ripest berries out of a leaf full which Mitty had placed in her lap.

She wore a pretty costume, all loops, ribbons and paniers; a straw hat, garlanded around by French roses, and a veil—for Kate Kingsley could not forget that she had a complexion.

She was pretty, after an insipid, wax-doll type, crimped her hair, bathed her skin in glycerine and rose-water, and always slept in kid gloves to keep her hands white.

"Why not?" repeated Mitty.

"Why who is there to marry me?" she asked.

"I'm sure," said Kate, "there are plenty of young men around here."

"Granted," nodded Mitty; "but the girls plentier still.

"And every eligible bachelor is either married, or just going to be married, or else keeping company with some nice girl—except old Dr. Crabtree, who has no teeth, and young Martindale, who has lost his wits, and is going about with a keeper.

"While you—happy you—have a lover all picked out by your father and mother, who is coming here this week to woo and win you.

"Couldn't you exchange lots with me, Miss Kingsley?"

"I don't think papa and mamma would like it," said Kate.

Mitty flashed a bright, sidewise glance at her from beneath the long curly lashes of her dark eyes, and smiled, all to herself.

"I wonder," said she, "if he will like his little room under the eaves?

"I hope he don't object to rag carpets and home-made curtains; and that he won't find out that the bedside chair is glued, and the looking-glass frame manufactured out of pine cones.

"Oh dear, dear! if we were only rich enough to put our guests into satin-lined boudoirs like those we read of in stories!

"But now I must make haste and gather more berries, or Aunt Naomi never will have enough to preserve.

"Hush!" holding up one ruby-dyed finger; "isn't there some one coming now—some one walking with a swift, elastic tread along the high road?"

"It's only the drip of the little waterfall," said Kate, too indolently content to rise up out of her leafy nook.

But Mitty's ear was too acute and well-trained for a mistake; and in half a minute Mr. Grange Redlyn came around the wooded bend of the road, walking with a long easy stride, and swinging the light stick which he had cut from the woods upon his way.

Quick as Mitty Vale was, she was not quick enough to evade his keen glance, as she shrank back behind the wall of silver birches.

"Stop a minute, my lad," said he.

And really the mistake was natural enough, considering the gipsy skin, the hair parted on one side under the flapping hat, the mouth all smeared with rosy stains, and the fact that only Mitty's head was visible over the stone wall.

"There is a spring at the foot of yonder rock.

"Give me a drink."

Mitty held the cocoanut-shell, full of dripping water, over the wall.

"That's a good fellow," said Mr. Redlyn, as he drank long and deep. "Strawberrying, are you?"

"Yes, sir," acknowledged Mitty.

"You have picked out that leaf full of berries with particular care," said Redlyn, with a laughing light in his eyes.

"For your sweetheart, I suppose.

"Let me have it.

"I am half-choked with dust and heat.

"Thanks!" as Mitty shyly reached the strawberries, which had been gathered for Kate's especial delectation, over the wall.

"And here is something to buy her a string of beads instead."

And he flung a florin over into the grass, and passed on, eating the fragrant strawberries as he went.

Mitty held up the silver piece to Kate.

"See what I have earned," she said.

"And oh, Miss Kingsley, you can have no idea how handsome he was."

"But I don't think," said prim Kate, "it was quite proper—his taking you for a young man, and all that."

"Why not?" asked Mitty.

"I only wish I was a young man!

"What shall I buy with this money?

"I don't think I care for beads."

"Why didn't you give it back again?" said Kate haughtily.

"Because," Mitty answered demurely, "I don't come across a bit of luck so often that I can afford to trifle with it.

"But perhaps I shall give it back to him—some time."

"How can you?" said straightforward Kate.

"It was Mr. Grange Redlyn."

"No!" cried Kate, springing out of her nest of tall ferns and wild-roses.

"How do you know?"

"Because I saw his photograph in your room," said Mitty.

"And now, perhaps, you had better go back to the house, and be ready to welcome him.

"We can easily get there by the short-cut, before he can toil around by the high road."

So the best room was opened, fresh lilies were in the vases, and Kate had on her newest mauve muslin dress, when Mr. Redlyn came into the cool dark room.

"Set down, Mr. Redlyn—set down!" said the farmer.

"I wish I had of known you was comin' down by the noon train—I could have sent old Whitey and the wagon to meet you.

"You must have had a warm walk.

"Girls, girls! where are you?

"Bring in some of the lemonade, and sylabub, and things."

"Not in the least—not in the least," said Mr. Redlyn good-humoredly, laying aside his hat.

"The walk was delightful!

"By the way, I met one of the most beautiful boys I ever saw in my life, a mile or so down the road, gathering strawberries in a little green nook.

"I should like to sketch that boy, if I only could find him out.

"Could you tell me who he was?

"Very dark, with curly black hair, and ——"

Just then, in fluttered Kate Kingsley, looking as if she had suddenly stepped out of a fashion-plate, and with her came Mitty Vale.

"Yes," Mitty said, calmly, anticipating Redlyn's look of amazement, as he was introduced to "my friend, Miss Vale," "you saw me in the woods, gathering strawberries, and you took me for a boy.

"Well, I am not so very much surprised at the mistake.

"My hair never would part in the middle, and I had on my father's old straw farmnet.

"Pray don't apologize."

"But I must apologise," said Grange Redlyn, blushing to the roots of his hair.

"I must have seemed exactly like a savage."

Mitty laughed merrily.

"I think I was the savage," said she.

"But now if you will come out to dinner, I will give you some of those very strawberries for dessert."

Mr. Redlyn stayed a month at Hodge Farm.

He had come there prepared to fall in love, and he fulfilled his destiny.

But it was with the wrong person.

The pink and white city beauty did not strike his eye at all—the dark little gipsy, Mitty, fascinated him at once.

"Nonsense!" said Mitty; "do you suppose I am going to poach on another girl's dominions?

"You belong to Kate Kingsley, not to me."

"I belong to no one!" said Grange Redlyn stoutly.

"And I will never marry any one but you.

"And besides——"

"Well?"

"Miss Kingsley engaged herself this morning to Mr. Percival, the squire's son, up at the big house.

"She came to me, all in tears, begging my pardon, but she loved Fred Percival with all her heart, and please did I think her papa would be very angry, and would I hate her always, if she broke through the old family compact?"

"And what did you say?" questioned Mitty.

"I told her I would do my best to intercede for her, and that I should always regard her with esteem, and all that sort of thing.

"And now, Mitty, my own dark-eyed princess, tell me that you will be my wife!"

"I'll think of it," said Mitty roguishly.

"But I don't want any thoughts.

"I want my answer—plain Yes or No," he said.

"Must I really decide now?" said Mitty dubiously.

"Certainly you must," said Mr. Grange Redlyn, who had planted himself in such a way that, unless she jumped out of the window, she could not escape the tribunal of his eyes.

"Well, then, I suppose I had better say 'Yes,'" said Mitty.

So they were engaged, and to this day Mrs. Grange Redlyn carries, next to her heart, a silver florin, fastened on a piece of cherry velvet ribbon.

She calls it her "lucky penny," and she is a little inclined to be superstitious about it.

Have not all women their little superstitions?

And can we blame them for it?

CARE FOR TRIFLES.—The French people waste nothing. What many a laborer's wife throws away in "good times," the poor Frenchman's wife makes a nice little dish of. The French poor folks cook on charcoal fires, which are only lighted when they are needed, and if too much of anything is cooked it only goes to help another little dish for the next meal. The lining a Frenchwoman uses for her dress is of the best quality, and serves for two or three dresses very often. The buttons and trimmings are never cast aside with the old waist as they are with other people. Cleaning, mending, are understood by ordinary French persons as they are not by the professionals of England—and a general freshness of effect is the result. It is said that less glass and china is broken in France than elsewhere; but if it is broken the owner generally knows how to mend it wonderfully; or if it cannot be mended she sighs, shrugs her shoulders and forgets it. Frenchwomen do not "nag" or "worry." They are economical of their spirits, as they are of their beauty; and a Frenchwoman who has a fine eye, fine hair, or good teeth, can force you to call her beautiful. If she is actually ugly she will so bewilder you with her toilet, her gestures and her smiles that you cannot find it out. If she is old she can still be charming.

A TOAD'S TRAP FOR FLIES.—A New Hampshire man has a brood of chickens which have the run of a portion of the yard, the old hen being kept shut up. The chickens are fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough gets a little sour it attracts large numbers of flies. An observant toad has evidently noticed this, and every day along toward evening he makes his appearance in the yard, hops to a saucer climbs in and rolls over and over until he is covered with meal, having done which he awaits developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarm around the scheming batrachian, and whenever one passes within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darts out and the fly disappears, and this plan works so well that the toad has taken it up as a regular business. The chickens do not manifest the least alarm at their clumsy and big-mouthed playmate, but seem to consider it quite a lark to gather around him and peck off his stolen coat of meal, even when they have plenty more of the same sort in the saucers.

IT gives a man a vivid conception of the hollowness of all earthly things when he sees the commander of a barber shop with a head as barren as the bottom of a wash-bowl, and then reads his name on a bottle of hair-invigorator warranted to produce hyperion curls on a bald head in three months.

On Board The "Eagle."

BY G. L. WORRALL.

THE clock had struck eleven.

We are still sitting on the hearthrug in our chamber, Mary and I, over the remains of the wood fire that had sparkled and cracked in the huge old fireplace, filling the room with its light and warmth, but was now reduced to a few bright coals, which cast occasional glimmerings of ruddy light over the low ceiling of the spacious room.

We had been talking, instead of undressing; and, under the influence of the bright fire, the talk had been gay and frolicsome, so, under the shade of the dying fire, our conversation became more subdued and sober.

There was a slight tap at the door, which startled us, and Aunt Eliza's bright old face peeped in.

"Why, girls, not in bed yet?"

"Oh, Aunt Eliza, Frances was beginning to tell me a ghost story; one she read to-day in a periodical," exclaimed Mary.

"But it was a very stupid story," I put in, "and it turned out in the end to be no ghost at all.

"Could not you tell us one, Aunt Eliza?

"A real one?

"It is just the hour for it."

Mrs. H. came forward and sat down in the low dimity-covered chair.

She had a sad, grave look upon her face.

"I don't know that I can tell you a ghost story, Frances; some people ridicule the very thought of ghosts; but I can tell you something that happened to myself.

"It is perfectly true, and you can call it what you please."

Never a more honest-hearted, truthful woman lived than Aunt Eliza H.; and so we knew that what she was about to say was true.

"Well," she began, quietly at first, but with an earnest tremulousness in her voice as she progressed, that showed time had not obliterated traces of the excitement she must have experienced at the period, "perhaps you have heard that in the years gone by, when we were out in the West, your mother's uncle, my husband, had a little controversy about some land, lying on a part of the Mississippi river, which, after much delay, it was agreed by the parties, should be settled by arbitration."

"All that long while ago, Aunt Eliza?" interrupted Mary.

"Yes, my dear, all that long while ago; long before either of you were born. In consequence of this decision, your Uncle James had to journey to G., the spot where the land lay, and where he would probably have to remain for a week or two, for the case was both complicated and difficult.

"I had a good head for accounts and for classification, and had been of much use to my husband in that way ever since our marriage; he, though an active and clever manager of his estate, hated its accounts, and was naturally careless into the bargain, and he used laughingly to say we ought to have changed places.

"He insisted upon my accompanying him to G., declaring he should get into a fog with the law papers unless I went, and never get out of it again.

"I was willing enough to go, only I did not much like leaving my children, who were very young then, and my large household of servants."

"And did you go, aunt?"

"Yes, my dear, I went.

"When a husband's interests pull you one way, and other interests pull the other, I think it is a woman's duty to choose those of her husband.

"Well, to make my story short, I went with him, leaving the house and the children and the servants to take care of themselves and each other.

"The day before we left, I went to the town, three or four miles distant, to see Mrs. D., an intimate friend, to tell her where I was going, and to ask her to drive over to the plantation once in a while, to look how things might be going on; which she readily promised to do.

"She and I were the dearest and closest friends possible to be in this world.

"I have never had another like her."

Aunt Eliza put her hand before her eyes, and held it there for a moment.

Then resumed with a sigh.

"We went to G. by land, driving; a disagreeable journey of two days; but my husband wanted to see a settler who lived on the road.

"We found G. the dirtiest, most uncomfortable place imaginable, and had to take up our abode at a miserable tavern, for we could get no better accommodation.

"However, travelers in those days in America could not be fastidious, and we must to the best of it.

"I set to work, making a memoranda for the umpire, copying testimony, and helping all I could to 'get order out of the chaos' of an old unsettled, badly-managed partnership.

"On the second Saturday night, I lay down on the hard tavern bed, pretty well worn out with the kind of work which is distasteful to most women, but was not so to me."

"And how was the case decided?"

"Oh, my dears, wait.

"Early on Sunday morning—it was about ten days after we got there—I awoke before it was light, with a strange impression that I was wanted at home—that something was wrong there.

"You are looking at me, Frances; with surprise, I suppose.

"All I can tell you is, that what I say is strictly true.

"It was a most anxious, restless conviction that had seized hold of me.

"I could not account for it; I could not drive it away.

"Something or other was amiss at home, and I was wanted there.

"'You must let me go, James,' I said to my husband, awaking him in the glimmering dawn of the winter morning.

"But he only laughed at me.

"The more I urged it, the more he laughed, [illegible], which must [illegible] impression on me.

"I hardly knew what to do.

"Had I insisted upon going he would not have held out against it; but one hardly likes to take an unusual and inconvenient step in obedience to a mere fancy.

"I could have gone, you understand; I mean that there were means that day to allow of it; for a passenger steam-boat would touch at G. in about an hour's time which would take me home by night, and I could get ready for it if I made haste.

"I did not make ready.

"While shilly-shallying, as we say, miserably undecided what I ought to do, the minutes passed on, the boat came and passed, and it was too late.

"But now, whether my not going had increased the impression of something being wrong, I cannot tell; all I know is, that I grew insupportably troubled, and, after a most uncomfortable day, I wound it up with a long fit of tears.

"James grew uncomfortable at that, and said I should go the next morning.

"'And did you go, Aunt Eliza?'

"Oh, yes.

"About ten o'clock a large boat, called the *Eagle*, stopped at G. on her downward weekly trip.

"The clerk came ashore to receive some freight.

"He was a very little man, slightly deformed in the back, but with one of the nicest countenances I ever saw, and a gentle voice and manner.

"My husband, who knew him, put me under his charge, and we were soon off.

"We had a good many passengers; I was too uneasy to make acquaintance with any of them, beyond a few necessary words of civility.

"I sat in solitary silence all day; and as the night hours drew on and on, I grew more anxious, more nervous.

"We called at different places, and nearly all the passengers by degrees left the boat; but two or three gentlemen remained who were on deck smoking.

"I was by myself in the long, dreary saloon, its sole occupant.

"A cabin-boy passed along, silently extinguishing all the lights except one burner in each chandelier.

"I knew I should reach home about midnight, and of course I might have lain down until then; but sleep was gone away from me.

"On one of the tables was a Bible; I opened it, and tried to read a chapter—tried to get a little of God's blessed comfort into my uneasy heart; but, do as I would, I could not concentrate my thoughts.

"I closed the book, and looked up and down.

"There was not a soul visible in the long cabin of that boat; which seemed to me then, and seems so still, the longest boat I ever was on.

"At the further end was a piano between the two doors that opened upon the guards, or otherwise—I never knew which.

"An 'Annual,' as certain choice books were called in those days, lay on the sofa. I tried to look at the engravings, and mechanically turned the leaves, but I literally saw nothing.

"At last, as a next resort—I couldn't sit still, I couldn't read, I couldn't sleep—I got up and walked to the end of the cabin. I turned to walk back again, when, behold! standing before the doorway I have mentioned, the one on the left of the piano, was Mrs. D. I stood still, thinking the light must deceive me. But no, it was truly Mrs. D., the same light dress upon her that she wore the day we parted—a dress I knew well and seen her wear many times; a white Indian foulard, trimmed with light green satin—the same sweet smile upon her face.

"But the smile then had been gay; now it was mournfully and with a shade of reproach in it.

"Her hand was extended, as though in greeting; and the thought came rushing into my mind that she had come to meet me to break to me some dire calamity that had happened in my home; totally losing sight in my confusion, of the question—how had she got on board?

"She had on no bonnet, no out-of-door things of any kind; her fair and abundant hair was disposed as usual.

"I was perhaps twenty feet off, but my eyes were riveted upon her.

"I quickened my step, my eyes brightened, my lips were forming words of affection.

"I put forth my hand, and, as I thought, touched her.

"A thrill went through me like what would be imparted by sudden contact with cold, burnished brass.

"My hand touched the bolt of the door—the door being, as before, closely shut; tied and locked.

"Mrs. D. was not there.

"No one was there.

"The cabin was empty!

"I heard my own heart beat like a drum, as I sank, appalled, upon the sofa.

"A voice roused me; I suppose I was looking white.

"'Is anything the matter with you madam?'

It was the voice of the civil clerk.

It seems he had come into the saloon behind me as I turned.

I gasped out 'No.'

"'But there is, I think,' he continued in his compassionate voice. "You seem painfully nervous?'

"'Did you see any lady in the cabin when you came in?' I asked, trying to steady my trembling lips.

"'Any lady!' he echoed in surprise. 'No, madam, certainly not.'

"'There,' I said, pointing to the left-hand door. 'She was standing there. Or I fancied so.'

"'Ay, madam, it must have been fancy. We have not any lady on board but yourself; they have all landed. Not a female of any sort.'

"'I wish I was at home! Can you tell me what time it is?'

"He pulled out his watch and looked at it.

"'It is just past ten,' he said; 'three or four minutes past it.'

"I could see that he believed I felt lonely and nervous.

"So he sat down on the opposite seat, talking, and trying to interest me.

"I answered 'yes' and 'no' mechanically, but I had not the remotest idea of what the poor man was saying.

"A question kept ringing in my ears, surging in my brain—what was the meaning of that figure I had seen?—and I felt nearly persuaded that Mrs. D. was on board; but that for some reason she had concealed herself from me.

"Could it be that she had worse tidings for me than she dared to tell?

"Had all my little ones been taken from me by some overwhelming calamity?

"Had an earthquake laid the house in ruins?

"Hush!——

"'We shall be late to-night,' said the clerk, interrupting my gloomy presages. 'We had so many places to stop at to-day and lost more time than we ought at most of them. It does happen sometimes.'

"'It does happen sometimes.'

"'Late?' I repeated.

"'By pretty near an hour, madam.

"'We ought to touch at your place, Mrs. H., before midnight; instead of that, it will be close upon one o'clock.'

"'Three hours to wait yet!

"Three long mortal hours before my fears could be confirmed, or laid at rest! My dears," added Aunt Eliza, dropping her voice, "for years after, when I recalled what those hours of suspense were to me, I turned sick.

"'Are you sure that no other lady is on board?' I again asked of the clerk.

"'Quite sure, madam,' he answered. 'Every one has been landed.'

"'Do you chance to know Mrs. D.—wife of Senator D.?'

"'Oh yes,' he said. 'She and the Senator went up with us last fall, and came back with us the following week.'

"'It was Mrs. D., I thought I saw; who was standing there.

"'She held out her hand to me!'

"The clerk shook his head.

"'All fancy, madam; nothing else. Perhaps you have been dozing and were thinking of her. I shut my eyes.'

"He supposed I might be inclined to doze again, and stole noiselessly out of the cabin.

"Two or three times he looked in as he went by, but did not disturb me again.

"At length the boat's shrill whistle announced my proximity to home.

"The whistle and the bell made a fearful din.

"I put on my bonnet and went on deck.

"It was just one o'clock, that witching hour, when the boat stopped in front of our house.

"John, our attached negro servant, was running down the path with a lantern.

"He always had to meet this Monday's boat, for it generally brought parcels of some kind or other for us.

"'Precious late dis night,' he called out. 'What is dere come?'

"I had come; and John looked beyond measure astonished to see me.

"'All well at home, John?' I asked as I landed; and I knew not how I got the words out.

"'All well, missis,' he said, in his cheery voice.

"'All well, did you say,' I repeated, as we walked on to the house.

"'The—the children, John?'

"'All quite well, missis.'

"Now, what had my fears meant?—whither had they flown?

"'And Mrs. D., John?' I went on.

"'Do you know whether she is at home?'

"The man's tones dropped to a sad whisper, as if some fear awaited him.

"'O, Missis D., she is very bad, missis; doctors think she die. Cassio, she been over dere all day.'

"And at that moment, as if speaking of Cassio, who was my nurse, had brought her to the spot, she appeared at the hall door.

"'Ah Cassie just got back, and down; 'me thought dem were wheels I heard.

"'Cassie,' I said, 'how is Mrs. D.?'

"'Oh, poor Mrs. D.! she just dead, missis.

"'She die just as clock strike ten.'

"I could not answer.

"I was covering my face.

"'She took ill yesterday, Sunday, at daybreak,' continued Cassie, the tears running down her jet cheeks, for she was only half white.

"'She cry out for you all day, missis, all day.

"'I go over dis morning, when they tell me dat, and I stay till the end.'

"'Did she cry for me to-day, also?'

"'No, only yesterday, missis. All night, all day; dis day, she worse; she make no cry for nobody.

"'She wake up, like, on the stroke o' ten, she raised her head and look all round the room, and look at us, at one of us after de other, as if she look for some one not dere; and den in a moment she was gone.'"

* * * * * *

"Oh, Aunt Eliza! Can this be true?"

"I have told you it is true," she said, getting up to kiss us; "and it is quite time you went to bed."

"But—stay one instant longer, aunt," pleaded Mary. "Did you ever hear another experience like that? Ever hear that spirits, were unaccountably wanted somewhere?"

"Never since. One such experience is enough in a life-time.'

"Or—see another ghost, aunt?" I put in.

"Never another, Frances; never another. I do not take upon myself to maintain, I told you, that it was a ghost I saw then. The world is sceptical on these points, you know. Good-night, my dears.

But, talking together in solemn whispers as we undressed, Mary and I, we asked each other what else it could have been.

TRANSMUTATION OF METALS.—Among the different pursuits which engaged the curiosity of active minds in the unenlightened ages, was that of the transmutation of the more ordinary metals into gold and silver. This art, though not properly of necromantical nature, was, however, elevated by its professors, by means of an imaginary connection between it and astrology, and even between it and an intercourse with invisible spirits. They believed that their investigations could not be successfully prosecuted but under favorable aspects of the planets, and it was even indispensible to them to obtain supernatural aid. In proportion as the pursuit of transmutation, and the search after the elixir of immortality grew into vogue, the adepts became desirous of investing them with the venerable garb of antiquity. They endeavored to carry up the study to the time of Solomon: and there was not wanting some who imputed it to the first father of mankind. They were desirous to track its footsteps in ancient Egypt: and they found a mythological representation of it in the expedition of Jason after the golden fleece, and in the cauldron of Medea restoring the father of Jason to his original youth. But the first unquestionable mention of the subject is to be referred to the time of Diocletian. From that period, traces of the studies of the alchemists from time to time regularly discover themselves. The study of chemistry and the supposed invaluable results were assiduously cultivated by Geber and the Arabians. So great an alarm was conceived about this time respecting the art of transmutation, that an act of parliament was passed in the fifth year of Henry IV., 1404, which Lord Coke states as the shortest of the English statutes, determining that the making of gold or silver should be deemed felony. This law is said to have resulted from the fear at that time entertained by the houses of lords and commons, lest the executive power, finding itself by these means enabled to increase the revenue of the crown, should decline to ask aid from the legislature; and in consequence should degenerate into tyranny and arbitrary power. George Ripley, of Ripley, in the county of York, England, is mentioned towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, as having discovered the philosopher's stone, and by its means contributed five hundred thousand dollars to the Turks. About this time, the tide appears to have turned, and the alarm respecting the multiplication of the precious metals so greatly to have abated, that patents were issued in the thirty-fifth year of Henry VI., for the encouragement of those who were disposed to seek the universal medicine, and to endeavor the transmutation of inferior metals into gold.

SETTING A FASHION.—The Austrian empress, while on a visit recently to [illegible] with her retinue stopped at an inn for refreshments. [illegible] took off her bonnet and [illegible] back of a chair, where a pin [illegible] [illegible] the empress' tactless excursion was issued from official sources, and published to the social world. This put an end to the new fashion.

No Drug Medication.

Compound Oxygen is simply a new combination of the two elements which make up our common atmosphere, and in such portions as to render it much richer in the vital or life-giving quality. It [illegible] no medicament, unless the elements of pure air are [illegible] by some [illegible] the whole world, who are eager to imitate anything [illegible] does, the practice of [illegible] will not [illegible] general vogue. The morning promenades [illegible] marked by presence of numerous [illegible] arrange[d] heads of hair devoid of any [illegible] and on Sunday the [illegible] was [illegible] in church. [illegible] becoming the rage that [illegible] a fraud, and [illegible] the empress' tactless excursion was issued from official sources, and published to the social world. This put an end to the new fashion.

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Our Treatise [illegible] matters of this and [illegible] will be mailed *free*. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

A KITTEN'S ADVENTURES.

BY M. VESTAL.

THERE was once an old woman who lived all alone in a little cottage, that contained only a great arm-chair and two beds, one for herself and one in a little closet for her old cat, who was almost as infirm and worn out as herself.

But the cat was kind, and went every day searching faithfully for any dainty bit she could pick up.

Sometimes it was a slice of cake, dropped by a luckless youngster, often a bundle of tea, or a bundle of oatmeal, found in the train of a careless porter, and more often a bird or squirrel from the neighboring woods.

One day when she had started on her errands, she found a kitten emaciated and famished, but it had a little face that looked as pretty and innocent as a baby's.

The cat thinking of her own infirmities, said to herself—

"This kitten can be cuddled and fed, and then taught to take my place in waiting upon the mistress; how nice it will be to spend my old days in lounging upon the bed, or dozing by the fire."

The old cat took the kitten in her mouth, and laid it on her own little bed, and left it to catch a mouse for its supper.

In a day or two the kitten flew around bounding and saucy, her eyes shining and merry, just her old self as she had been in the days, when boys loomed like great giants, and chased her away from her old home.

But as the days went on, the mistress became more feeble, and the old cat more lazy and indifferent.

So the kitten, after receiving a good deal of advice from her preserver, started on her errands, and seeing a mouse hole, settled herself down to the fine opportunity of proving her promptness and skill.

She soon spied a little mouse, and catching it between her teeth, laid it triumphantly at her mistress' feet.

"Oh, you naughty cat!" she exclaimed, "don't you know better than to bring me a [illegible] that

"I don't eat mice that come of new help.

"I never could endure young flirts about me.

"Go now and do better, and at your peril [illegible]

[illegible] song.

"It will be an elegant repast for the old lady," she thought.

[illegible] was sure of her game, the robin flew with a "catch me if you can" air, that was very aggravating.

Then she ran to a neighboring yard where a very busy old hen with a brood of chickens was clucking and scratching [illegible].

[illegible] kitten gave one triumphant mew, [illegible] upon a little fluffy ball, was [illegible] roused to fury, sprang upon her and made her fur fly.

"Dear me," said the kitten as she stood at bay, with angry eyes and swollen tail, [illegible], "that is too bad to get [illegible] kind; surely that old [illegible] such [illegible] from.

"Ah," said the kitten, "if you come out I'll catch you; better be a dainty meal for my mistress than to lose yourself in the woods, or be caught by a greedy hawk."

At that moment the bird escaped, only to be pounced upon by the kitten, who took it [illegible] in the house to its mistress.

"Oh, you cruel fate.

"That is the last of my poor bird.

"How dare you!"

She struck the kitten a blow that sent him crying in the corner.

The old woman looked until she found a little bag, and laying the canary in it, she called to her old cat to come and bury the bird.

The cat came limping out, her body elongated and flat as if she had been sleeping under a board, and taking the bag in her [illegible] went slowly to the garden.

[illegible] have [illegible] mice.

Saying she slyly opened the bag and made a good meal.

The old woman caught her as she was [illegible] the hatchet at her head sent her scampering to her closet, where rolling herself in the [illegible] she lay down to mourn over mistress' bad temper, and to repent her own folly.

The kitten sat demurely, expecting to be the next victim, but the old woman only shook her cane after her, and bade her make off with herself, and at her peril come home without something to eat.

So she started, going first to see if the cat was much hurt, and to ask her what she should do next.

"I dare not enter the woods for fear of the boys, and I might [illegible] there all day to no purpose.

"Go to the woods," whined the cat, "there [illegible] with them, bring a frog.

"The mistress loves nothing so much as their dainty hind legs.

"But if you wish to serve yourself, at the same time, you must try to secure some more substantial game, there will be nothing left for us, not even a bone from any reptile."

So the kitten hurried herself off to the woods.

It was quite late before she came to the little bushy-tailed animals, who were busily feeding upon chestnuts and acorns and gamboling merrily among the branches.

They soon spied the kitten as she sat [illegible] with longing eyes, and guessing her intentions, threw down acorns and hickory nuts, hitting her on the nose and back, until she felt sore as well as insulted.

She was about to give up and go home, when a little dove flew down unconscious of an enemy.

The kitten seized it and ran as fast as she could go.

It was getting dark, and strange voices rang through the woods, one particularly crying—

"Kitty did, kitty did."

"Yes, I know I did, but there is no harm in it; my mistress can't starve."

But she was none the less frightened, and she scampered away as fast as she could go.

"Whip her well, whip her well," was another cry that startled her anew.

She expected to be caught and shaken, and visions of cruel boys and relentless dogs made her hair stand on end, as over logs and stumps, bushes and briars she flew with might and main.

At last she emerged from the dark shadows, and running along by a peaceful looking water course, silvery and sweet in the moonlight, supposed herself safe, but other voices more hoarse and angry than the last, cried out—

"You ought to be drowned, you ought to be drowned."

The voices echoed all around and made her shake with perfect dread.

"H-a-a b-a-a-a," was heard in another quarter, as if making sport of her rapid flight.

"Look at her heels," shouted another voice, shrinking with laughter, and she was chased to the very door.

The poor kitten entered her mistress presence like a criminal, her eyes protruding, and her body shaking with apprehension.

"Here mistress," said she, "take the best I could find."

It was received without grumbling, but there were no thanks for the tired and frightened kitten.

Then she went to the bed closet, and found the old cat washing her face, and licking the blood from her paws.

She was glad enough to see the kitten, whose prolonged absence was becoming alarming.

"Now go," said the cat, "and bring me my supper, I have had nothing to eat all day."

So the kitten ran for the mouse she had killed in the morning, and the old cat after regaling herself, lay down to have a little [illegible] with the kitten.

"It was late when you returned, what detained you?

"Did you see my dogs or boys that you were so upset?"

The kitten relished her adventures, and the cries that shouted after her all the way home.

The cat went into convulsions of laughter, she rolled over and over in an extacy of mirth.

This hurt the kitten's feelings, and she was about to get up and leave.

"Come back," said the cat, "don't be silly.

"I will tell you what it all meant."

"Make haste then," said the kitten, "I am all attention."

"The first voice was from an insect very common in the woods.

"A little green fellow in a [illegible] coat, he can make the most [illegible] [illegible] strange he did not take you [illegible]

"Now I know what it was that wanted me [illegible] the kitten.

"Only a bird, a night bird.

"I assure you, you could have whipped him if you had only stopped to find him, but your fright made any such an attempt impossible.

"I would like to catch a whippoorwill myself, but often as I have hunted, I never saw one.

"Their cry, although strong, is very far away.

"And the threats that came from the [illegible] from a company of frogs who were trying their best to make the night lively.

"You will never bring home a delicate dish for the mistress if you are afraid [illegible]

"Louder still were the voices that seemed to make sport of my flight, and ran after me in derision."

[illegible] house, they no doubt thought you intended letting down the meadow bars, and shutting them up for the night, it was about the usual time for their release, and if you had not been running you would have enjoyed the spectacle of seeing a pretty crowd moving in concert, like a [illegible] full sail."

"What was it that made fun of my scampering heels, such shrieks of laughter I never heard."

The old cat could hardly speak for laughing.

[illegible]

"The little screech owl no doubt had spied your dove, and was chuckling to think how soon she would be feasting on the bird you were carrying.

"It was well you did not stop to make any discoveries, she might have pounced on you and given you a whipping as well as stolen your bird.

"I would advise a youngster as green as yourself to beware of late hours, they only lead to dire results.

"Now go to sleep, I am tired of talking."

And they both stretched themselves for a good night's rest.

Not long after the old woman died, and the old cat becoming inconsolable did not long survive.

The kitten mourned over her grave, but she soon ceased to grieve, and learning the ways of the world, hunted fearlessly and with success.

AT THE OLD FARM.

BY C. J. R.

OLIVE DEANE was in a brown study, her lovely spirited face rested in the palms of her white hands; her eyes large, dark, and soulful, were bent upon the carpet, but seeing nothing of its heavy richness, for Olive was conjuring up a handsome new ball costume, that was all, yet it was of more serious moment than you may [illegible]

It was the last ball of the season, and Olive desired to appear to better advantage than at any previous one, and as a small frown gathered about her pretty eyebrows, a soft gentle zephyr stole in through the partially opened windows, that told most plainly of spring time.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I know now; it will be lovely, and—and it will seem like other days, before aunt Mary's death left me heiress to all this handsome fortune; when I was only poor Olive Deane, the village school teacher, and Frank Drake was my lover.

"After all I have never seen any one quite like him since; so noble, so true.

"Oh Frank," she moaned piteously, "it was cruel to grow so cold because I was an heiress, and to turn from me as you did, while I, a woman, could only be silent, though my heart was breaking."

But the little secret repining was soon [illegible].

Olive Deane was not a woman to wear her heart on her sleeve; and through the post that day went a letter to the old farm where she had boarded in those other days.

When the evening train rolled in, on the night of the grand ball, it brought a large box for Olive.

Opening it in her own elegant chamber she gave forth a cry of delight, and buried her face in its sweet contents.

The box was filled with apple blossoms.

"Oh," she cried, with a little laugh, "they have gathered them from the Siberian crab-tree in the lane; no other tree ever bore such charming, rose-tinted, fragrant blossoms."

"Oh, here lies a letter from Nellie."

"DEAR OLIVE,—

"We were so glad to get your letter, and learn that you were well, and, of course, happy. Mamma is much better, thank you, and I should love to see you in your elegant ball-dress, but cannot come this time. I should be at best only a field daisy among such magnificence.

"Cousin Frank gathered the blossoms for you.

"NELLIE."

Olive's face saddened a little at the close.

"Dear apple blossoms," she said, touching them lovingly, "if you could but know [illegible] are to me."

And then [illegible]

[illegible]

The only ornaments she wore were the exquisite and fragrant apple [illegible] which gracefully looped and rested upon her bosom and in her dark braided [illegible]

When all was completed she surveyed herself in the long pier-glass with a sigh of satisfaction, for she was simply perfect.

In the hall-room that night all other handsome toilets paled by the side of her exquisite and poetical costume, so suitable to the season.

Men who had raved of Olive Deane's superb beauty went almost mad as they beheld her now.

Frank Curtiss, a young merchant prince, bowed low over her hand and clung to her side with a persistence that could not be mistaken.

"It will be a match," was whispered here and there.

[illegible]

[illegible]

After all what did it matter—the show, the glitter, the hollowness of everything?—except her apple blossoms.

They alone seemed true and sweet as the tender love in the olden days.

In the midst of their enjoyment a cry ran out that thrilled all hearts with terror and [illegible]

"Fire—fire!

"See—the [illegible]

Olive turned her head, and beheld just above her the little fiery tongue that was running up the handsome lace curtain.

How it had caught was a mystery, unless from some luckless cigar-smoker on the verandah, but it was no time to speculate as to causes, for a little spark fell from the burning lace upon Olive's flossy dress and caught like powder.

Wild consternation ensued, but while men ran forward as if intending to crush out the flames with their hands, some one leapt in through the open window and wound his heavy cloak about her, smothering the flames out instantly.

Olive looked up at her preserver, whispered one word with her white lips, "Frank," and fainted, but whether from pain or surprise he could not tell.

They bore her tenderly home, Franz Curtiss almost frantic in his remorse, for no one else was harmed.

Many hands soon tore down the burnt curtains and extinguished the spreading flames.

But Olive lay for many days, hovering between life and death, before the change came, and she began to recover.

The burns had not been severe, but the shock to her nervous system, the doctors said had prostrated her.

Franz Curtiss sent flowers every day, and often came himself to inquire after her, until one day a white shoulder maiden met him in the parlor, and to his earnest pleadings gave so decided a "no," he was perforce compelled to relinquish his loud hopes.

"I would advise a few weeks in the country," said her doctor one morning, "out among old friends and associations."

And Olive, smiling faintly, took his advice to heart, and went to the old farm once more.

"Oh, Olive!" cried Nellie Morton, as she kissed her welcome; "is this Olive?—really and truly our friend?"

"Yes, really your old Olive, and no other," smiled the invalid. "I grew homesick for the old fields and home, and so I came. I could stay away no longer."

But however much she desired to meet Frank and learn of his strange and opportune appearance at the ball, she held her [illegible] when one day as she wandered out to the green grove near the old farmhouse, he chanced upon her.

"I am most happy to find you so nearly recovered, Miss Olive," he said, she fancied coldly.

"Thank you, Frank. I—— You know to whom I owe my slight wounds, if not my life, and—and——"

But she could go no further, she was still weak and ill; and the tears flowed readily.

The tears rendered Frank reckless of consequences, and he cried out in a husky voice:

"Olive, my love! my darling! Why do you weep? I thought you were so happy, and to be married soon."

"I am not," she cried indignantly, "either happy or going to be married. And you never came to see or ask after me all those days."

"Oh!" exclaimed Frank, a faint light breaking upon him. "Why, you foolish girl. I called many times, and the doctor—one of my old classmates—sent me word every day in regard to your progress, for, Olive, poor and common farmer as I am, I have continued to love you, even when I knew you were a great heiress and so far above me; and when I gathered those apple-blossoms the longing to behold you again, myself unseen, was uncontrollable, hence my sudden appearance in time of need. I know I am presuming," he added in a sorrowful voice, putting his arm around her tenderly, reverently. "I will make this the last time I ever so far forget myself, but oh, Olive, my lost love, I shall love you till I die."

But her arms were flung around his neck, and her bright face raised from his breast as she answered.

"What is wealth, fashion, or all the world, without you, Frank? Nothing, nothing to me. How blind you have been not to see it long ago."

And Frank married an heiress, and was happy notwithstanding.

[illegible] Prussia [illegible] of Wurtemburg [illegible] plainly than most comfortably off Berliners. Indeed, the old King was much amused to see how his subjects "cut him out." One day there was a very good dinner at the [illegible] the King said, with a smile, [illegible] could not be declined. A [illegible] and a wisp of white bread (still a luxury in Prussia), with the thinnest possible layer of marmalade on it, was the utmost possibility of refreshment in the halls of the heir presumptive. It ended by the gentlemen, [illegible] going to a neighboring restaurant for a snack, after which they would return to the princely abode. One day Prince William [illegible] this little manœuvre, and [illegible] a cab which was passing [illegible] that she could not go [illegible] the Princess, his wife (not Augusta Victoria, who was [illegible]

[illegible] how many of [illegible]

SHE LOVED ME.

BY W. M. A.

She loved me—but she was not true:
'Twas but a passing gleam
Of brightness, leaving as it flew
The memory of a dream,
Whose shadow crept into my heart,
And cast its darkness round,
And pierced my soul with keenest dart,
With triple anguish crowned.

She loved me—could the tender look,
The softly-kindling eye,
The pressure of the hand that took
My own, that love deny?
'Twas but the radiance that deceives
Too oft the fairest morn;
'Tis sweetly mine, and passing, leaves
My trusting heart forlorn.

She loved me—and the meteor blaze
Flashed through the brightening skies,
But, falling, all its light decays,
And in the darkness dies.
'Tis gone! 'Twas but a transient gleam
Of more than golden light:
Whose memory o'er my soul shall stream
Through many a darkened night.

SOME ORIENT PEARLS.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century a Buddhist pilgrim was impelled by religious zeal to wander from China into Central Asia, and so on into India. Whenever he confines himself to the description of what he saw with his own eyes, his writings are not wilfully untruthful; but when he sets forth what he had heard from others, his narrative evinces a larger share of credulity than of critical judgment. Thus he tells us of a certain city in the northern part of Kutch, in which, once upon a time, there was a temple with a lake, dedicated to a race of dragons that possessed the faculty of transforming themselves into stallions. Their immediate issue were vicious, fiery, and unmanageable; but their progeny, again, became gentle, patient, and pleasant to ride.

At a very distant epoch there lived a king named Golden Flower, who used to harness dragons to his car, and on flicking their ears with a whip became invisible and went whithersoever he pleased. These dragons took the form of men and married the women of the country. Their offspring were as swift-footed as the fleetest horse, but were so turbulent and hard to rule that the king summoned the Turkomans to his aid, who massacred all his subjects without exception. The city fell into ruins and was never rebuilt.

This Chinese traveler further informs us that, in his day, traitors were thrown into prison, but never put to death. Sacrilegious persons, unfilial sons, and men who betrayed their trust, were either banished or had their noses or ears cut off. All other offences were redeemable by a fine. An accusation could be answered by appealing to an ordeal, of which there were four kinds. The accused was thrown into a sack, and a big stone into another, and both were thrown into water. If the man sank, and the stone floated, he was pronounced guilty. But if he floated, and the stone went down, his innocence was held to be proved. Or he might elect to sit upon red-hot iron, and apply it to the soles of his feet, the palms of his hands, and to his tongue. If the charge was false, he escaped unhurt.

A milder form of the ordeal of fire was much affected by timid persons. The accused might take a bud bursting into bloom and throw it on a blazing fire. His innocence was attested by the opening petals, while guilt was shown by the flames consuming the bud.

The third kind of ordeal was likewise devoid of pain. The man was placed in one scale of a balance, and a stone in the other, with the result of the guilty one mounting aloft and kicking the beam—as happened to Satan in Paradise Lost.

In the fourth ordeal the trial was vicarious. Poison was inserted in a slit made in a ram's right thigh, and according as the poor beast lived or died, the man was acquitted or condemned.

When a man fell ill, he abstained from food for seven days. If he was still alive at the end of that period, he was thought to have a chance of ultimate recovery. Very old and infirm persons, who had become a trouble to their families, and perhaps even to themselves, were not dissuaded from giving a farewell banquet to her friends, with an accompaniment of music, preparatory to rowing, or being rowed, well out into the sacred river Ganges, when they jumped overboard—there an end.

Here we may take leave of our Chinese philosopher, and turn to the travels of two intelligent Mohammedans, in the ninth century. Strictly speaking, we should say one Mohammedan and a half, for the second does little more than paraphrase what was told by the first. The former, then, whose name remains unknown, relates how in the island of Serendib, or Ceylon, when the king died his body was placed on an open chariot with his head hanging down behind so that his hair trailed along the ground, while a woman with a broom swept the dust on to his face, and cried aloud: "Oh, man, behold your king, who was yesterday your master, but now the empire he exercised over you is vanished and gone. He is reduced to the state you behold, having left the world, and the arbiter of death hath withdrawn his soul." A similar proclamation was made for three consecutive days, at the end of which the body was embalmed with sandal wood, camphor, and saffron, and burnt to ashes, which were scattered to the four winds.

Not far from Serendib were some islands known by the name of Ramni, the inhabitants of which were cannibals. No man there was allowed to marry until he had slain an enemy. After that he could take wife for every victim to his prowess, even though one hundred enemies fell beneath his arm.

Grains of Gold.

If you love God as you ought, then love your brethren likewise.

When was a man ever weak that the devil did not charge down upon him?

We might as well have no opportunity as not to use the one that we have.

Private prayer is your chief preservation from sin, temptation, and error.

The means to promote any end are as necessary as the end to be promoted.

People who have more curiosity than manners are not good companions.

Eternity is long enough to make up for the ills of our brief troubled life here.

Strong thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind, that nothing can draw out.

The whole of our life depends upon the persons with whom we live familiarly.

There are people who feed themselves with their grief until they get fat on it.

Every promise in God's book which refers to spiritual things is yours, if you are Christ's.

A man in love, however well bred, is often morose; and however good-tempered, sullen at times.

Every condition of life has its own dignity and importance, whether we really perceive it or not.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, and the security of the State.

It is impossible to find out how much religion a man has in his heart by measuring the length of his tongue.

Some men in the world advance like crabs, by their eccentricities—walking contrary to everyone else.

Canting bigotry and caressing criticism are usually the product of obtuse sensibilities and a pusillanimous will.

Home is sometimes thought flat and dull, and too often made so, just for the want of understanding what it stands for.

Better too long a courtship than a short one. Undue haste often results in unspeakable misery in matrimonial alliances.

They who are Christ's, are seeking and praying to be Christ-like. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

Those who can themselves do good service are but as one to a thousand compared with those who can see faults in the labor of others.

Beware of talkative professors; they are generally dangerous characters. Wise Christians are "swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

In youth grief is a tempest which makes you ill; in old age it is only a cold wind which adds a wrinkle to your face and one more white lock to the others.

Don't sleep in a draught; don't go to bed with cold feet; don't stand over hot air registers; don't eat what you do not need for the sole purpose of saving it.

It is not pleasant to meet relatives who haven't seen you for a dozen years, and who talk about how you have "aged" before a room full of your friends.

The relations of life that go to form the household are the source not only of life's richest joys and most sacred memories, but also of some of the finest and noblest characteristics of man.

In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing, and thinking of another, is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life.

We lose so much of the brightness and and beauty of life by being dissatisfied with that which life has brought us. We spend too much valuable time in longing for the unattainable—for a vague and abstract something which can never be ours.

Through the many changes to which every life is subject, he who cultivates the power of adapting himself to those changes, and also to the new set of circumstances resulting therefrom, possesses a magic talisman against all the vicissitudes of life.

Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than of whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing, to do nothing well, and to please nobody.

Femininities.

Fortune is like a woman—loves youth and is fickle.

A little water in butter will prevent it from burning when used for frying.

Women are hereafter to be admitted to the University of Mississippi in all its departments.

Says the Frenchman Michelet: "Woman is the sunday of man." Fogg says Sunday is always a tiresome day.

Arrangements have been made by which some of the college lectures at Oxford will be thrown open to female students.

It is a singular freak ladies have, that of making their new bonnets match everything but their husbands' pocket-books.

"Piazzing" is a word newly coined for the purpose of describing the "inactive activity" of sultanas, who sit on piazzas at watering places.

A German who was recently married, says: "It vas mooch easier for a needle to walk out of a camel's eye than for a mans to get der last vord mit a womans."

Mrs. John Murphy, of East St. Louis, Ill., awoke the other night to find a burglar in her room. She attacked him with a pillow and drove him from the house.

Says a cynical young lady: "Very handsome mothers are often proud of their very ugly babies. I wonder if butterflies are proud of their caterpillars?"

A woman in France slept seventy-three days, and many a married man is trying to find out the secret of this protracted somnolency so as to use it in his own household.

At the most important of recent English balls very few dresses were made long, the majority being white with broad sashes across the front, or full paniers on the hips.

The jealous husband of a pretty woman at Fayette, Texas, branded her with an iron used for marking cattle, making a star and cross which she must bear on each cheek for life.

The woman's rights movement in Chicago is taking the form of going West to pre-empt land and grow up with the country. They have some sensible girls in that Western country.

It is told of Edward Everett that in carving a tough duck it was knocked from the platter into a lady's lap. "Madame," he said, bowing gravely, "I'll trouble you for that duck."

"Why," asked a lady of an old judge, "why cannot a woman become a successful lawyer, I should like to know?" "Because," replied the judge, "she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay."

"Does your wife take much exercise?" asked Fenderson of Fogg, whose family is at the sea-shore. "Exercise?" exclaimed Fogg. "Well, I should say so. She changes her dress six times a day."

A has an overcoat for which he paid $28, and his wife trades it off for two red clay busts of Andrew Jackson, worth thirty cents each. How much money will she get from her husband to buy her a fall bonnet?

A stranger called at forty-eight different houses in Camden and asked, "Is the boss home?" There was no man home in any one instance, and yet forty-seven of the women promptly replied: "Yes, sir—what do you want?"

"I'm afraid you will be late at the party," said an old lady to her stylish grand-daughter, who replied, "Oh, you dear grandmother, don't you know that in our fashionable set nobody ever goes to a party till everybody else is there?"

A Western man a while ago eloped with his mother-in-law. Not that he had any fancy for the woman. But she had said that he was the worst husband on earth, and he wanted the world to see that she really didn't think so.

Eva Briggs, of Lawrence, Mass, who was claimed to have been relieved of hip disease recently by the faith cure, at Old Orchard, Me., was taken to the Danvers Insane Asylum last week in a crazed condition, owing, it is asserted, to religious excitement.

Mrs. Jonas Strong, of Louisville, fell from her door-steps upon a picket fence, and one of the pickets entered her side a distance of about four inches. She remained thus impaled half an hour, but being extremely fleshy, she was not much injured.

The ruling passion strong in death: "John," feebly moaned a society lady, who was dying, "if the newspapers say anything about my debut into another world, just send me eight or ten marked copies, won't you?"

Young man, get married and make some rosy-cheeked maiden supremely happy with a home, and you will enjoy the monopoly of her choicest and most sacred affections. You will not have to bear all the responsibilities of domestic life alone—the girl's mother will come and live with you.

Men who openly demonstrate their affection for wife, mother, or sister, by the rendering of numberless kind attentions, may not be any kinder at heart than cold, silent men who make no show of their emotions; but they are pleasant people to have about one, for all that, and sensible girls always like them.

A. B. Camp, a miner at San Benito, Cal., left his family in New England, years ago, and went West to seek his fortune. Having prospered, he sent for his wife. He was in the mine when she arrived, and there she followed him, getting an affectionate reception. They started to leave the mine, he going in advance, when a part of the tunnel caved in, and she was killed.

"See here," said a fault-finding husband to his angelic wife, "we certainly must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept—do you understand?" "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He lets things run on as usual.

News Notes.

The fashion of tracing the veins with blue paste is gaining favor in London.

Detroit has over 100 white women who are living as the wives of colored men.

It is proposed to hold an exhibition of fans at Paris sometime during the winter.

New York estimates that its summer vacation bills foot up an aggregate of $20,000,000.

A drunken Denver burglar blundered into his own house and robbed himself of a watch and $70.

There is a cracker firm in St. Louis, Mo., which converts 1,200 barrels of flour into crackers daily.

A silver horseshoe is fastened on the arm at the meeting of a long tan glove with a very short sleeve.

Pineapple-growing is becoming one of the most important and profitable industries of Florida.

Virginia has 172 tobacco factories, which consume something over 48,000,000 pounds of the weed each year.

Russia is soon to have a telescope so large that the moon will seem to come down to your feet to be examined.

Miss Phillipina Frenzel, of St. Louis, has not taken solid food for three months, yet she assists in the household duties.

Captain Paul Boyton, the swimmer, is willing to try a voyage down the rapids of Niagara, below the falls, for $5,000.

The Duke of Connaught, who has gone to Egypt in command of a brigade of the Guards, is the third son of the Queen.

The custom of having groomsmen at weddings has died out of English society. The bridegroom is attended by one best man.

An Advent congregation at Phillipsburg, Tenn., has noted unanimously that the world will come to an end October 4, 1892.

There are fourteen men in this country who claim to have discovered the electric light before Edison did, but all of them were waiting to get money to bring it out.

The London *Times* has been collecting agricultural information from all over the northern hemisphere, and finds that the world's crops this year are bigger than ever before.

"Total Depravity" was the subject of the sermon of the Rev. Mr. McDonald, of San Rafael, Cal. While he was preaching it a thief stole the lap-robe from his buggy outside.

A quiet family at breakfast in Santa Barbara, Cal., the other morning, were interrupted by the startling entrance of a California lion through the window into the breakfast-room.

Lookout Mountain is owned by a widow named Whiteside, who has built a road to the "Point," and charges a heavy toll for driving on it. All efforts to purchase the property from her have failed.

The experiment of banishing the drum from the French military department, which has been tried for the last two years, was not a success. It has been returned, and the soldier boys are now happy.

A few months ago a Pittsburg man lent $1,400 to a friend who was going out West to speculate in mines. The other day that Pittsburg man received by express from his debtor a gold brick worth $11,000.

There are in Switzerland at the present time 28 convents containing five hundred and forty-six male and two thousand female inmates. The aggregate wealth of these convents is estimated at 25,000,000 of francs.

Geo. C. Miln, Chicago's agnostic preacher, has ordered a full wardrobe for the roles of "Hamlet," "Iago," "Othello," and "Richelieu," and will next month make his first appearance on the stage of the Grand Opera House in Chicago.

A scientific writer calculates that if the earth should be suddenly stopped in her orbit and allowed to fall unobstructed toward the sun, under the accelerating influence of his attraction, she would reach the centre in about four months.

Mr. Vanderbilt has just received his new palace car, which quite takes the shine off the palace cars of Baron Rothschild and all the other potentates. It is fifty feet long, is furnished with bevel-seats, instead of bunks, and has all the latest improvements.

A man of swell appearance, who announced himself at the desk of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, to be the Duke of Richmond, was detected as a swindler because of his boots being hopelessly down at the heels. Otherwise his attire was faultless.

Andrew Rape, of Christian county, Ill., having acquired reputation as an evangelist, undertook to profit by it by committing some skilful forgeries; but his first attempt involved the signature of a citizen who could not write, and now Andrew languishes in prison.

The Elmira *Gazette* says that William Peak, formerly manager of the Peak family of bell-ringers, was recently arrested at Goshen, N. Y., as a vagrant, and sent to jail for ten days. Ten years ago he was worth $100,000, but now he is a pauper. Benevolence is said to be the cause of his poverty, as he was always liberal to a fault.

A lady reformer in Wisconsin finds that unmarried girls do not favor woman suffrage, lest that should prejudice the young men against them, and that the average married woman does not favor it, because she does not want to prejudice her husband against her. All of which is not very complimentary to the male sex of Wisconsin.

Four women were bathing in Cedar Creek, near Redding, Cal., last week, when an animal, which they took to be a lynx, leaped across the creek near them, climbed a tree, and from a limb sprang down, gathered up a poodle dog left on the bank to watch the women's clothes, and disappeared in a hole under a stump. The bathers made the best time on record dressing.

New Publications.

"Magna Charta Stories" are a series of tales of heroism told with a view of showing how the idea of human freedom has been pursued through the centuries from ancient Rome down to modern England. In doing this, the author and compiler have maintained strict historical accuracy, but presented in a most simple and entertaining form. The various stories, which treat of a prominent episode in the history of the leading countries, are told in a very lively way, and will be almost certain to stimulate further historical reading. Each story is nicely illustrated. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

A good book for everybody's reading is just published by Lothrop & Co., Boston. It is entitled "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On." As may be partly inferred from this name, it consists of a story and characters, highly interesting in themselves, wherein the chief actor makes any number of remarks, wise, witty and useful to all. It starts out to be entertaining with the first line, and, maintains this agreeable characteristic till the last. It does not profess to be fine writing, as the word goes, but what it lacks in brilliance it makes up in point. The author is "Pansy," a writer who is already well known by a number of excellent volumes.

There have been a great many books written on the American Constitution, but there is still a place for such a work as has just been issued by Cassell, Potter & Galpin, New York, and for sale by Claxton & Co., this city. It is entitled "Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States," by Simon Sterne. It contains, in a brief form, everything relating to the subject that is actually necessary to the general reader, and in such a shape as makes it most interesting and readily understood. The author has not entirely rid himself of a particular bias in some of his views, but this does not affect the value of the work. It is nicely printed and well bound.

From Porter & Coates, this city, we have received "Swabian Stories," by Theodore Tilton. It is a collection of the old traditions of Wurtemburg, to the number of eighteen, told in lively and artistic verse. The tales, apart from their historical value, have a more than common interest in themselves, and are among the finest of this branch of literature. They will be issued in one volume, cloth, with gilt tops, splendidly printed on thick, heavy paper. Price, $1.50.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass., are the publishers of "The Odyssey of Homer," "Done into English Prose," by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang, fellows of Cambridge and Oxford. After a careful study of Messrs. Butcher and Lang's prose rendering of the Odyssey, the reader will be ready to admit that it has many points of superiority over any poetic translation in the English language. There is a certain free play of the feelings and the imagination and certain reproduction of the clear and bold imagery of the original such as are looked for in vain in the poetic translations. And the English reader who may have found the Odyssey so dry in the shapes it has come to him heretofore as to have been turned away from it will find a different experience in approaching the present work. Of course it is the work of the master of many masters, and any light mood or trivial hour will not do for such at any time, but if one is equal to it there is a vast treasure of enjoyment in the Odyssey.

MAGAZINES.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery is just the book for younger readers. The pictures, stories, etc., are the best and bound to be rapturously welcomed by the class for whom they are intended. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Broomfield street, Boston, Mass.

The Sanitarian, for September, is, as usual, filled with a great deal of highly valuable reading matter, which all interested in sanitary subjects would do well to read. Price, 30 cents per number. Published at 113 Fulton street, New York.

The *North American Review*, for October, opens with an article on The Coming Revolution in England, by H. M. Hyndman, the English radical leader, giving an instructive account of the agitation now going on among the English working classes for a reconstruction of the whole politico-social fabric of that country. O. B. Frothingham writes of The Objectionable in Literature, and endeavors to point out the distinction between literature which is corrupting in itself, and that which is simply coarse. Dr. Henry Schliemann tells the interesting story of one year's discoveries at Troy. Senator John I. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, treats of the rise and progress of the rule of Political Bosses. George L. Vose, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, contributes an article of exceptional value on Safety in Railway Travel, and Prof. Charles Sargent, of the Harvard College Arboretum, contributes an instructive essay on The Protection of Forests. The Review is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

"WHAT sort of a servant have you now?" inquired a lady of a friend she was visiting. "Oh, splendid!" she replied. "He's a Chinaman, and is so methodical in his habits that I know just what he is doing at any hour in the day. He is now probably putting away the dishes and tidying up the kitchen. Come and see if I'm right." She led the way to the kitchen, quietly opened the door, and there, in the middle of the floor, sat John Chinaman, washing his feet in the dishpan.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 29, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. W. C.

Clinton, Ia., August 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

S. M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. H.

Missentowa, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. H.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. S.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

L. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. C. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in the world that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL,

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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100 Popular Songs for 30 cts. 100 Comic Songs, 30 cts. 100 Sentimental Songs, 30 cts. 100 Old Favorite Songs, 30 cts. 100 Opera Songs, 30 cts. 100 Home Songs, 30 cts. 100 Ethiopian Songs, 30 cts. Any 4 lots, $1. All the Songs have words and music, and are the most popular published. Order NOW. For 50 cts. will send Violin Instruction Book and 350 Pieces Violin Music. BIG BARGAINS in all kinds of instruments. Illus. 64 p. Catalogue Free. G. M. W. BATES & CO., Importers, Boston, Mass.

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Samples and information free.

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This edition has just been issued, and contains 583 pages, and 106 spirited illustrations.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of 50 cents. Do not fail to order. Also 5½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 25cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Pr'ce 1's free C4S 50 S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune (outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

A $1.00 Microscope Free!

The publisher of the well-known and popular Literary and Family paper, **The Cricket on the Hearth**, wishing to secure 100,000 new subscribers for the next three months, and believing that all who so subscribe will be so delighted with the paper that they will thereafter renew their subscriptions for the year to come, now makes the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of only **Twenty-Five Cents** in postage stamps, we will send **The Cricket on the Hearth** for **Three Months**, and to every subscriber we will send **Free**, our **New Botanical Microscope**, one of the most valuable and useful premiums ever offered. This Microscope has a lens of great power, magnifying about 500 times. It is adapted to the examination of every minute object, will make the smallest insect appear quite large, shows animal objects depositing in a drop of water, enables you to detect counterfeit money, distinguish good from bad seed, etc., etc. It is a first-class Microscope in every respect, and will be found very useful, while providing endless amusement for old and young. Has always been sold at $1; hence it will readily be seen what an extraordinary offer we make when we give one absolutely free to every three months' trial subscriber to our paper. The CRICKET ON THE HEARTH is a mammoth 16-page, 64-column illustrated paper, filled with charming Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Farm and Household Hints and Recipes, Puzzles, Games and Stories for the Young, Wit and Humor, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct the whole family. You will be delighted with it, as well as with the valuable premium we offer. Remember, we send this splendid $1.00 Microscope free to all sending 25 cents for a three months' subscription to our paper. Five subscriptions and five Microscopes will be sent for $1.00; therefore, by getting four of your friends to send with you, you will secure your own paper and premium free. This great offer is made solely to introduce our paper; take advantage of it at once. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. As to our reliability, we refer to the publisher of any newspaper in New York. Address, S. H. MOORE, Publisher, No. 3 Park Place, New York.

Visiting Cards 50 Chromos Latest Designs, no two alike 10c. 13 pks. $1, or 25 large chromos 10c. Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each order. Album of samples 25 cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Conn.

WHAT SHE DID.

A damsel who lived in Dubuque
Was ambitious to marry a duque;
  But as none came to her,
  She accepted a pooher
Young fellow whose name was Luque.

The bride was led up the broad aisle,
Got up in the most killing staisle;
  When asked if she'd be
  A true wife to he,
She promptly replied, "I should smaisle."
—U. N. NOSE.

Facetiæ.

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.

The thunder is the most reliable weather report.

Bliss on the half shell—Bachelor and maidenhood.

What relatives ought to make the best pedestrians? Step-sons.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

When a man falls down, his temper generally gets up before he does.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

A new Parisian dictionary defines chess as a humane substitute for hard labor.

In charity it may be better to give than to receive; but in kissing it is about equal.

Why is a ship that's loading like a locomotive? Because they both make the car-go.

The palmy days of a boy's life are those in which he gets properly spanked by his mother.

It is supposed that Adam set the earliest winter fashion, since the only coat he wore was a bare skin.

A little Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied, "One end of him is good."

We cannot all be President, but we can educate our sons to refrain from wiping their noses on their coat-sleeves.

What is it to be a man? Well, it is a good deal like work to be a man, and that is the chief reason why real men are so few.

What is the difference between an auction and a sea-sick man? One is the sale of effects, and the other is the effects of a sail.

The young man or woman who must forsake society because of mortifying freckles, tan, tetter, pimples, and itching excoriations of the face, should use some of Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It cleanses the scalp and is good for the toilet.

The sight of a fat man trying to look graceful in a bathing-suit is what makes the little fishes stand on their tails and grin.

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, &c.

We learn from an exchange that a Welchman's oath is "Y'new igog wggl." This is too awfully awful, and looks like a fish-worm.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

True benevolence: Willis says he never finishes a cigar but he thinks, "Another temptation removed from the young men of Pawnsboro."

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Well's Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

Some latter-day philosopher has said "Send me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography from them."

DOUBTLESS many of our readers have frequently noticed Drs. Starkey & Palen's announcements in these columns. Claims to most surprising cures in chronic diseases by the use of "Compound Oxygen" have been made, and many testimonials offered substantiating these claims. Now, without expressing any opinion one way or another, we deem it but just to Drs. Starkey & Palen, and fair to the public, to insert the following "card" from well-known gentlemen whose concurrent testimony in a matter like this will scarcely admit of a doubt or question:

WE, the undersigned, having received great and permanent benefit from the use of "Compound Oxygen," prepared and administered by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, and being satisfied that it is a new discovery in medical science, and all that is claimed for it, consider it a duty which we owe to the many thousands who are suffering from chronic and so-called "incurable" diseases, to do all we can to make its virtues known, and to inspire the public with confidence.

We have personal knowledge of Drs. Starkey & Palen.

They are educated, intelligent, and conscientious physicians, who will not, we are sure, make any statement which they do not know or believe to be true, nor publish any testimonials or reports of cases which are not genuine.

WM. D. KELLEY,
  Member of Congress from Philadelphia.
T. S. ARTHUR,
Ed. and Publisher Arthur's Home Magazine, Phila.
V. L. CONRAD,
  Editor Lutheran Observer, Philadelphia.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 1, 1882.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 36 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

(From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*)

A LADY SAID

"Those Horrid Pimples? No, I Cannot Go. Please Present My Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happiest event of their lives. Then she would have instead of a disfigured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good-looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the cut of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attract everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freckles," "those horrid pimples," and other blemishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance, great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum,) Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in the world. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this and not some old remedy resuscitated on the success of Dr. Benson's and now advertised as the "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one,—it bears the Doctor's picture and is for sale by all druggists. $1 per package.

A Sensation
HAS OFTEN BEEN MADE

by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Paralysis and Melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free.—Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. **Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York**

ORGANS
27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $109.75

The Famous Beethoven Organ with a beautiful Pipe Top, Handsome Black Walnut Case, suitable *for the Parlor, Church or Sabbath School.* Shipped on one year's trial, with Organ Bench, Stool and Music, ONLY

$109.75

Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Money refunded with interest if not as represented after one year's use. Organs built on the old plan, $30, $40, $50, 8 to 11 stops. ☞ *Catalogue FREE.* Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

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SLATE MANTELS
Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.
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AND COMPENDIUM OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE
THE NEW AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

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Read What the Press Says. "We have never seen its equal, either in point of finish, or contents."—THE ADVOCATE. "Worth ten times the money."—THRESHER AND FARMER. "A perfect dictionary and library of reference."—LABOR ILLUS. NEWS. "We have frequent occasion to use the New American Dictionary in our office and regard it well worth the price."—CHRISTIAN UNION. "With the New American Dictionary in the library for reference, many other much more expensive works can be dispensed with, and ignorance of his country, history, business, law, etc. is inexcusable in any man."—SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. "There's more real worth than in most books at ten times the cost."—N. Y. WORLD. Price, $1, postpaid; 2 for $1.75.

Extraordinary Offer. If any person will get up a Club of Ten at $1.00 each we will send FREE as a premium the American Waterbury 8-oz. Nickel Watch. For a Club of 15 we will send free a Solid Silver Hunting Case Watch. For a Club of 30 we send free, a Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch. For a Club of 50 we will send free, Gents' Solid Gold Hunting case Watch. Send a Dollar at once for a sample copy. You can easily secure one of these watches in a day or two or during your leisure time evenings.

As to our reliability we can refer to the publisher of this paper, the commercial agencies or any express Co., in this city. Address

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.
122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The New American Dictionary, is an Encyclopædia of useful knowledge, worth its weight in gold to all classes. It is the most complete, the most useful and entertaining book ever issued. If we could induce every one of our readers to buy one we should feel that we had confered a benefit on them. When you order the Dictionary, kindly mention that you saw the advertisement in our paper.

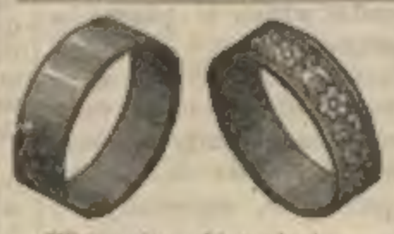
THE BEST

WASHER

We will guarantee the **"LOVELL" WASHER** to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from **$75 to $150 per month.** Farmers make $30 to $50 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only **$3.** Sample to those desiring an agency **$2.** Also the Celebrated **KEYSTONE WRINGERS** at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.



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ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

With a view of introducing our REAL GOLD goods, we offer to send by REGISTERED MAIL, to any address, upon receipt of ONLY ONE DOLLAR, one of our LADIES' or GENTS' ELEGANT SOLID GOLD BAND RINGS, either engraved or plain, as shown in cut. These rings are warranted gold, and perfect in design and finish. They are such as are usually sold at $2.50 to $4. A chance is here offered to obtain a Gold Ring which will last a lifetime at the nominal price of $1. Solid Gold Goods are their own recommendation, and there are none other so desirable for presents, as they serve as an everlasting remembrance of the giver. This is a Special Offer which will not be repeated; and in ordering you will do well to send for BOTH the engraved and plain rings, as if you wish only one, you can easily sell the other to one of your friends at a handsome profit. If on receipt you are in any way dissatisfied, you can at once return the ring, or rings, and we will promptly REFUND the MONEY. Send strip of paper exact size of finger, and we can fit you perfectly. Any name, initial, or motto engraved in the ring for 25c. in stamps. Address, ROBERTS & CO., 7 Murray St., New York.

The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

$75 CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000...$1
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. A. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. TENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS K, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **October 10, 1882.**—140th Monthly Drawing.

Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of **General G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and General JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va.,** who manage all the drawings of this Company, both **ordinary** and **semi-annual,** and attest the correctness of the published Official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at $5 Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

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1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
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5	do	2,000	10,000
10	do	1,000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
9	do	do 250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to		$265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, address only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.

or **M. A. DAUPHIN,**
607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.

FOR YOU. How to Make Money Fast, and Plenty of It, send name and address on Postal Card and get it. C. LESTER, 22 New Church Street, New York.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $125. **Pianos** $297.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organ Co., Philada., Pa.

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40 CARDS, all Chromo, Gilt and Motto, in case, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

SENSATIONAL BOOKS. List for stamp. Address JNO. A. WILSON, Paulsboro, New Jersey.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

B. FRANK MOORE.

127 La Salle St., Chicago,
(Formerly 319 and 212 Broadway, N.Y.)
New Manager Chicago Office,
to whom apply for information and tickets.
180th MONTHLY DRAWING.

Tuesday, October 10.

First Capital Prize **$75,000.** Tickets **$5;** sold in Fifths at **$1** each. *See full scheme elsewhere.*

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

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Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.**
OUR $15 SHOT-GUN
at greatly reduced prices. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.
P. POWELL & SON, 208 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

OPIUM HABIT EASILY CURED with DOUBLE CHLORIDE of GOLD.

Essay Free. *The Morphine User;* 200 pp. $1.00. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., DWIGHT, ILL.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD!

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20 C. for an elegant silk-lined Card Case. New design. Agents wanted. Globe Novelty Co., New Haven, Conn.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 25c. *Illustrated Catalogue free.* J. DIETZ, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

---

50 LARGE all new Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, name 10c. Try me. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

WITH some makes of dress you can effect great saving. In the one we are now going to describe, you get two dresses by simply having two tunics to one bodice skirt.

The costume, as we saw it, was worn by one of the leaders of London fashion, and was composed of black satin, and black and white narrow striped satin.

The long Louis XV. bodice was in black satin, with a piece of the striped satin let in, in inverted V. style at the neck.

The tunic, which consisted of an ordinary draped front and full back, was also in black satin, with the exception of the front width, which was in the striped satin. The skirt was an ordinary black satin walking skirt, trimmed round with crossed flounces and ruchings, while the hat was a black straw Patience shape, with a striped bow crossing. By substituting sateen and Galatea for the more costly materials mentioned above, a costume similar in appearance to this could be procured at a cost very trifling.

Supposing you chose to have it carried out in black sateen, and black and white Galatea, then you could get what to all intents and purposes is a second dress, by running up another tunic in which the front width should consist of red sateen. You would, of course, have to remember to replace the inserted piece of striped Galatea by a plaited V. of the red sateen.

The odd pieces you had left over after shaping the front width would, you would find, quite suffice for this.

Should you now prefer to carry out the costume in dark blue sateen and any blue and white check material, then for your second dress you might have a tunic in which the front width was of pale blue sateen.

At any time when pale blue had lost its freshness, you could, by putting in a width of a dark blue sateen, get yet a third dress all in blue.

Some very high and rather pointed crowned bonnets have lately made their appearance, but they are neither very pretty nor very becoming.

Worn with a dress of dark crimson silk and cashmere, I noticed the other day a pretty bonnet.

It was of medium size with an open brim covered with crimson velvet with a bandeaux upon which were five crimson roses underneath, and the crown was covered with brown rose foliage which almost entirely veiled some roses placed here and there underneath.

With this same toilet was worn a small cape of silk, trimmed with silk lace of the same color, which was prettily fastened upon the shoulder with rose and some foliage, instead of in the front as usual.

The lace most used is ficelle, which looks very well upon both dresses and bonnets, and ficelle is also a fashionable color in all materials.

Another old material has been revived, viz., flowered muslin, and some very pretty costumes are made of it, with plenty of trimming in the way of lace and flowers to match the printed ones at the throat and in the hat; and I especially noticed one with a pale grey ground with violet pansies scattered over it, trimmed with ficelle lace, worn with a grey chip hat trimmed with lace and pansies, as being very pretty.

Evening dress is still copied chiefly from the antique, to which the beautiful brocaded materials now made lend themselves easily, and the full evening toilets of married ladies in the first society is simply magnificent, the style being generally a long train but slightly trimmed, it being always of heavy material, and petticoat always of different fabric, or entirely of lace with pointed bodice.

Many ladies wear powdered hair with their antique attire, and, when not very young, with wonderfully good effect.

Black satin is very fashionable just now for evening wear; and for those who do not care to spend a great deal upon their dress this ought to be good news, for of all dresses one of this material of really good quality wears the longest—in fact, it is difficult to wear out a good satin.

Ball dresses, for either young married people or girls, of black satin, are very becoming to most people, and take but little stuff to make, the skirts being short, and with a little softening in the way of black Spanish lace or tulle, are very pretty; while changing the black to white or cream lace and altering the flowers makes quite a fresh toilet.

A pretty dancing dress is of cream nun's veiling mixed with silk. At the edge of the skirt are two narrow kilted flounces made of silk, the lower sage green, the upper pink, and over this the veiling in flounces edged with cream lace, and headed by puffings covers the rest of the skirt with a slight drapery behind.

With this skirt is worn a Newmarket coat of very rich-looking material, viz., brocbe silk, the ground shot pink and sage green, with little bouquets in which the flowers are pink and the leaves green, lightly strewn over it.

This is made quite high to the throat, after the ordinary style of coat, although the sleeves are not quite long, and it is fastened by cut steel buttons that glitter like diamond ones.

Another dress of the same style is more dressy, the coat being of cream white satin fastened with pearl buttons, with elbow sleeves with deep frills of lace, and a large ruche, upon which are sewn innumerable pearls, at the throat, where it is ornamented with a cluster of dark red roses. This is worn over a skirt entirely of flounces of lace put on a satin foundation with a wide sash of the same behind, and two or three bouquets of the roses introduced here and there.

The colored nets with steel or gold stars, make very pretty ball dresses, and the loose drapery behind, which looks like treble skirts, has a very light effect when the wearer is dancing.

Tulle dresses, in colors, such as pale pink and soft tones of yellow, with bodices of silk or brocade to match in color, are very pretty.

A plush cashmere toilette for a girl of nine is very prettily gauged with a round yoke, and gathered waistband finished off by a lace and ribbon rosette, the rest of the dress consisting of a wide bouillonne edged with cream lace, under which is placed a pink cashmere pleating.

The scarf of cashmere is edged on each side with wide lace, frilled so as to be very full, and adding to the soft, fluffy appearance of the dress, which would look equally well in any other pale color, especially in cream.

Some of the cream cashmere toilettes are exceedingly pretty, mixed with satin and lace of the same shade, or lace alone, the satin, however, giving added richness and brightness to the costume; satin is used for the box-pleated skirt, ironed very flat, and slightly veiled by a wide lace flounce; the redingote is edged with long tabs turned under to form loops, beneath which are large loops of satin falling over the skirt, and the fronts of the redingote are edged with lace and open over a pleated satin plastron, arranged in exceedingly narrow even pleats, which have a very good effect.

Another little cream dress is for a young child, with low neck and short sleeves; the cashmere is gauged all over the little costume, which fastens behind, and is edged with a narrow pleating and lace flounce; a lace berthe encircles the neck, and the puffed sleeves are trimmed with narrower lace.

The dress may be enlivened by a satin or moire sash of some rich, bright color folded round or fastened below the waist, and tied behind in a large bow with long loops. For a boy, the sash might be tied at the side.

Girls from twelve to fourteen years of age are often dressed in the same style as grown-up young ladies; they wear vetements with pelerines cut in the same way, short jackets, and draped tunics and paniers.

The tailor-made jacket is especially worn by girls of this age, and it becomes them very well, while for dressy toilettes they wear the pleated skirt with a kind of Moliere redingote open below the waist, an enormous collar of lace or etamine richly embroidered ornamenting the neck.

A gauged plastron occupies the front, a bow of ribbon being placed at the throat, the cuffs of course matching the collar.

This is a very elegant style of dress, and is always accompanied by a large handsome hat, the larger the better, trimmed with long drooping feathers.

For very young children nothing is spared to make them look as pretty as possible; beautiful embroideries are made for them in all colors, imitating Venetian point. Some lovely little dresses are made of cream crepon, edged with a flounce of blue Venetian point. With ecru dresses ficelle Venetian point is used, the effect being extremely pretty.

Fireside Chat.

FANS, AND HOW THEY MAKE THEM.

WHILE almost any subject may be carried out on a fan, yet certain kinds are more suitable for one material than another.

For example, a satin mount requires only a light decoration.

It is a mistake to cover over so charming a surface entirely; especially for white satin a graceful trifling design is preferable to one more elaborate. Flowers show well on a white satin mount, and almost any favorite blossom may be represented. On vellum the design may reasonably be far more intricate.

We need not scruple to cover it with figures, for the surface is so agreeable for painting on that a drawing may be worked up as perfectly as an ivory miniature.

We will consider first the satin mount. When fixed on the board, and the subject sketched out, it is ready for coloring. All colors are to be mixed with Chinese white—the sheen of the satin would destroy the effect of them in some lights if this were not done; and also, by the mixture of white, tints that will blend readily one with another may be produced in almost infinite variety; and thus harmony is obtained. An amateur may err by using too much white, and the result will be that the painting will crack off.

Practice will soon teach how much it is right to use.

On mounts composed of textile fabrics, more white is required for the colors than on paper.

Vellum painting, too, needs the admixture of white with the colors. But this is a digression; we were considering a painting on satin. It will be found that the colors sink in, therefore more washes are necessary on it than on other materials. At first it will not be found pleasant to work on; it wants a little tact to manage it well, that will come with use.

It is better to commence on white satin or cream-colored; black demands a good deal of time and patience to be spent on it before the painting becomes sufficently solid.

Wild roses are charming on satin, and for esthetic young ladies there are the fashionable sunflowers. A clean sheet of paper should always be kept under the hand when painting, that it may not rest on the mount. It is impossible to paint a design on vellum well, without plenty of time can be given to it; it cannot be dashed off quickly, and those who are unfortunately minus the virtue of patience, had best not attempt what they will probably be inclined to throw aside afterwards with regret that they commenced.

Only highly wrought paintings look well on vellum, and these will amply repay the worker for any trouble expended on them. No mount can be compared to it for durability, while none will better supply a surface congenial to the most accurate drawing and miniature-like painting.

Most intricate subjects may be executed with faithfulness, representations depending for their value on the minutest details may be successfully accomplished, the finest outlines may be preserved, while the faintest touch of color left by the artist's pencil will not be lost.

Before a perfectly flat tint can be attained hatching and stippling must be resorted to; that is, all spaces that are uneven be worked up with the point of the brush, and blank spots filled in with color.

By these means a perfect texture may be secured, almost unsurpassable even on ivory. Do not let so much as your finger rest on the vellum, or it will be difficult to get the color to adhere afterwards.

Much consideration should be given to the subject chosen; it should be one of which we are not likely to tire, and one that will interest others as well as ourselves. A vellum fan is like a picture, and the design should be as deliberately chosen and as carefully delineated.

Copies from pictures of the old masters are best worth doing, or if it is possible for anyone to obtain a loan of a fan painted by any of the best French artists, they should consider themselves truly fortunate. Not many, perhaps, would be willing to part with one, if in their possession, though only for a time, on which Watteau, Boucher, or Lebrun expended some of their genius; but if lent they should be treated with the greatest care, as they are very valuable. Parchment mounts require wetting with water, the same as drawing paper, before fixing.

For tracing use black lead transfer paper, and trace lightly. On gauze no drawing or tracing can be done; whatever outlines you may require as a guide must be put in with a brush.

A design carried out in black and grey, Chinese white for the lights, is admirable for gauze mounts.

All the illustrations we give should be done in this manner; the whiteness may be relieved with a few touches of brown or of pink. On the black gauze the white figures show to the greatest advantage; the elegance of posture, the coquetry, and the grace are all brought out.

DRIVING TRADE.—Sharp dealing is confined to neither place nor people. In a small German town an innkeeper, to get rid of a book-pedlar's importunities, bought an almanac from him, and putting it in his pocket left the inn, his wife just then coming in to take his place. The woman was then persuaded to buy an almanac, not knowing that her husband had one already. The husband shortly returning and discovering the trick, sent his porter after the pedlar, with a message that he wished to see the latter on important business. "Oh, yes," said the pedlar, "I know; he wants one of my almanacs, but I really can't miss my train for that. You can give me ten marks and take the almanac to him." The porter paid the money, and carried the other almanac to the innkeeper. Imagine the sensations of the victim!

Correspondence.

M. E. J., (Cahoun Co., Ill.)—The stories are not published in book form.

LENNI, (Carlisle, Pa.)—Address "Secretary Bi-Centennial Celebration, Philadelphia, Pa."

L. O. R., (Amador, Cal.)—Your answer to the tin-puzzle is one of the best we have seen. Space, however, prevents our publishing it.

A. DELL, (Greene, O.)—We think Helen a pretty name. The meaning is "destroyer," or "one who destroys."

O. M. W., (Hiawatha, Kans.)—The articles were taken from the *London Queen*. The only way we know to get at the recipe is to write to that paper.

BELLE, (Lexington, Ky.)—Your first question we have already answered. The affection of the nose is a subject upon which you should consult a physician.

L. MC., (Austin, Tex.)—The average weight of the brain in males is 49 or 50 ounces; in females, about 44. 2. It is weighed by avoirdupois weight. 3. The twentieth of June.

M. W., (Bridgewater, MASS.)—The concerns are swindles, which, while organized apparently in the spirit and letter of the law, are outside of both. We advise you to have nothing to do with them in any way whatever.

A. DELL, (Greene, O.)—We think you are too young to be engaged. His age is in his favor. The great objection is your own youth. You should not meet him secretly. In this his age, and consequent experience make him dangerous.

READER, (Oak, Va.)—Either "for" or "after" is used, but we think "after" is best. To say a child is named "for" George Washington does not sound so well, nor is there, in our opinion, as much sense in it, as to say he was named "after" George Washington.

CLODHOPPER, (Lexington, Ky.)—We claim the usual amount of penetration, but if our life depended upon it we can't tell what you mean in your letter. We are always ready to give the best advice in our power, but require, as an indispensable ingredient, to know what we must give advice about. Write again and state clearly your wishes.

A. L. P., (Glen, Kans.)—The presence of the sea-shells on the mountain-top are explained by geologists as having been settled there during one of the periods, ages since, when the earth was entirely covered by water. Read the first books of Genesis, and you can apply the key to the mystery yourself. Bible expounders take these proofs as evidence of the truth of the Flood.

W. H. H., (Stratford, Conn.)—When a young man loves a girl and she does not return it, the best thing he can do is to be happy without it. Hearts are not so easily broken as poets would lead us to believe. The only case on record is that of a ship captain who tried to lift an anchor which weighed a ton. If she won't look at you, return the compliment on your part by looking for somebody else.

HUSBAND, (Sumner, Kans.)—A married man has a right to secure his property that it shall not go into the possibly imprudent hands of a second husband to the loss of his children, if he has not confidence in the prudence of his wife. But to cut her off absolutely if she should marry again is usually bad; it wounds and humiliates her, and destroys the fine aroma of pleasant associations which a widow should link with all her husband's deliberate acts.

MIRIAM.—We showed our appreciation of your composition by filing it for use. That is the briefest opinion and best we can express. For your educational opportunities you write particularly well and correctly. Your handwriting is very neat and easily read. We would suppose you a trifle slow in many things, such as getting angry, falling in love, making up your mind, etc., but when once done you are firmness itself. You are careful and tasteful in your household and person, and to make a guess, apart from mental character, you are rather pretty, with just a tinge of romance.

ZOE E., (Parkersburg, Neb.)—1. Nothing but a surgical operation will take them off, and this leaves a scar far more ugly. 2. You are altogether too young to think of being engaged. You have plenty time yet before worrying about such a thing as that. 3. If he should tell you first he loves you, it would be only natural for you to say you returned his affection, supposing it to be true. But take care you don't go too far and say too much. 4. By clipping the extreme ends now and then with a scissors, will make the eye lashes long and curly. 5. Write as often as you please. We are always pleased to hear from and give any information in our power to our readers.

E. I., (Erie, Pa.)—A "doctor," properly so called, is a graduate of medicine at some university. It is a title which in itself implies nothing as to practice. Many surgeons and general practitioners are "doctors of medicine," but do not practice as physicians. A "physician" is a practitioner of medicine exclusively—that is, to the exclusion of surgery. The term generally implies that the person assuming it acts—to some extent at least—as a consultee to general practitioners. A physician ought to be a doctor of medicine, but it is not indispensable that he should be so. There are physicians of high repute who are only bachelors of medicine, and some who have no other qualification than membership of a college of physicians. These persons assume the title of "doctor," but have no academical right to it. A "surgeon" ought to mean a practitioner of surgery exclusively.

S. L. B., (Condia, N. H.)—We think sixteen is entirely too young for a girl to be engaged. In our estimation at that period she is little more than a child. She can then be hardly expected to know herself or anybody else. And we would advise all to postpone engaging themselves until they acquired this knowledge, even if they had to wait till twenty-six. 2. The best time, physically speaking, for a girl to be married is between 22 and 25. 3. Blanche is a French name and means "white" or "pure." 4. If they were not crocodile tears, we think a young man who sheds them at parting with his girl, has a good loving heart, though he may have a soft head. If the girl cried, we think the average young man would esteem her the more for this proof of her devotion. 5. Nine years difference in the ages is an advantage, if anything, when on the man's side. A woman ages sooner than a man, and a young woman is more likely to hold fast the masculine heart than one who is older. 6. We do not see any harm in the girl giving the gentleman a ring, in return for the one he gave her.